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THE

Duplication
5

Fall of SAGUNTUM.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Written by PHIL. FROWDE, Esq;

The THIRD EDITION.

*At vos Sidereæ, quas nulla æquaverit ætas,
Ite decus terrarum animæ, venerabile vulgus,
Elysium, & castas sedes decorate Piorum.*

SIL. ITA. de Bel. Pun.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALEs, at Rowe's Head, the
Corner of Essex-street in the Strand.

M.DCC.XXXV.

THE

of SAGUNTUM.

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Written by P. B. KNOX.

The Third Edition.

At our Theatre, great and agreeable success
has attended the representation of this Tragedy,
and it is now being acted with the same
success as before.

LONDON:
Printed for W. HARRIS, at the Theatre, the
Corner of Pall-mall and St. James's Street.



To the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,

Knight of the Most Noble Order of
the Garter, &c. &c. &c.

SIR,



F, from presuming thus to address my self to a Taste the most just and distinguished, I should happen to labour under an Imputation of having consulted my Vanity, my Pride, and indeed my Ambition, more than the Interest of my *Saguntum* ;

I have this to reply ;
That those Judges need not look far back to be reminded of the Fate of the poor *Catalans*, those *Saguntine Descendants*, and of that Patriot too, who then ventured *ad Aras usq*;

The DEDICATION.

if being sent to the *Tower* may be so rendered with Propriety.

So that, let the Colouring be never so faint, and the Hand never so inexpert which has drawn the *Portraiture*; yet I will flatter my self with an Assurance of His Patronage, who, in Defence of *their* brave Posterity, dared once to display the utmost *Force* of *Eloquence*, at a *Crisis*, when to endeavour only to teach us the Ingloriousness of such a Desertion, *preposterously* became little less than *capital*.

Thus, carrying the Eye attentively on from that Juncture to this, the same irreproachable Strain of Conduct must strike every true *Briton* with a suitable Pleasure, and engage him to own, that the *Condition* of our *Affairs* can never be expressed by any *Art of Description* so well as by a View of the Effects; I mean, the sensible *Happiness* of every Day's Experience:

And, that the best Way of forming a Judgment upon our national Credit must be from surveying its present *Steadiness*, amidst such Armaments, and Rumours of War.

And, in fine, that where-ever most might be advantageously said with an *historical* Faithfulness, the least will be heard or suffered, SIR, with Your *Approbation*.

Y E T

The DEDICATION.

YET so far, without any divining Gift, I can take upon me to pronounce, from my early Knowledge of that first *Dawn*, and Promise of Genius in You, at *Eton*; That while You bring the *Learning* and *Arts* of *Greece* and *Rome* into the Cabinet, either that to instruct in the Depths of Reasoning, or these in the Rules of *Governing*; no Impression can ever be made to our Prejudice, from the *Intrigues* or *Menaces* of a *Foreign Power*.

BUT, while I am pursuing a *Subject* so truly agreeable to me, I had almost forgot to provide an Answer to those Criticks, who may possibly wonder at the Appearance of an *African Amazon* within the Walls of *Saguntum*: But if the honest *Precedent* and *Authority* of *Silius Italicus* can stand me in no stead with them upon this Incident, I must e'en take the Confidence of shielding my self under that *Wing*, where All the dearer *Interests* of *Great Britain* are so inviolably secured. I am,

S I R,

With a most unreserved Zeal,

Your most obedient, and

Most humble Servant,

PHILIP FROWDE.



PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. THEOBALD;

And spoken by Mr. QUIN.

*When awful Rome became the savage Spoil
Of wild Ambition, and of factious Broil;
When by the Ruin Tyrant Nero rose,
Lucan found Cause for Triumph from her Woes;
He pardon'd all the Civil Sword had done,
And bless'd the War which fix'd that Nero's
Throne.*

*So, poor Saguntum! tho' we justly rate
Thy mighty Suff'rings, and disastrous Fate;
Yet if the dread Misfortune give us Right
To claim the Tragick Pleasures of To-night,
Well art thou fall'n—more nobly here to rise—
And boast thy Doom, bewept by British Eyes!
Well is your Famine paid, and well your Flame,
Which blazes still the distant Theme of Fame.*

*Britons, our Scene a pompous Tale displays
Of Woes unmatch'd on the Records of Praise;*

A Po

PROLOGUE.

*A Patriot-People, who Death's Terrors scorn,
But dread the Breach of Leagues, and Friend-*

(ship sworn :

*The willing Victims to a virtuous Name,
All perish greatly, not to live with Shame.
The brave Example pictur'd to your Eyes,
Be just, and your own Virtues recognize :
Applaud the Bard, whose artful Muse has known
To trace the Springs of Worth, so much your own.
Our British Arms this gen'rous Pride avow,
To guard Allies,—and Empires to bestow.—*

*If we did e'er to our own Honours fail ;
If e'er unhappy Counsels did prevail,
To let a brave Confed'rate miss our Aid ;
Be that ill-fated Period thrown in Shade !
Or, to erase the memorable Blame,
Let's mend by Glory what we can't disclaim !*



A 5 EPI-



EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. YOUNGER.

Bless me! what means this Crowding here
(to-day?

Sure, no Conspiracy, to damn the Play.

Beaux, can there be such mortal Spleen in you?

Or, is't mere Want of Something else to do?

I've hit it — for, methought, I heard you say,

“ Pr’ythee, does *Violante* shew to-day? —

“ But for our Plays, gads-curse, they’re all
(such Stuff! —

“ Yet *Wagner* and *Abericock* is well enough.

For us, our Bard persuades us, that he means

To form this Moral from his Tragick Scenes;

That, after all, there is some sort of Merit

In that old-fashion’d Thing call’d Publick Spirit.

We’ll grant him then, at least for ought we know,

There might have liv’d, two thousand Years ago,

Such errant Patriots, such poor virtuous Elves,

As still preferr’d the Publick to Themselves. —

At our Assemblies had they pass’d their Nights,

Or stood one Stripping at the Den at White’s,

Th

EPILOGUE.

*The good Saguntines scarce had prov'd so steady,
But ev'ry prudent Man had touch'd the Ready.*

*As for poor Fabius, once I gave him over,
And almost lost the Gen'ral in the Lover.*

*Methought, he found his Dearey so inviting,
He'd more a Mind to something else than fighting.
Just so 'twould happen here--should War's Alarms
Summon our powder'd Heroes to their Arms;
Lord, what a Bustle would there be, what Rout!
What Friends, what Int'rest making—to sell out!
There all our Beaux would emulate our Roman:
Ab! Ladies—they're the Soldiers for a Woman.*

*Well—you have seen our best Endeavours us'd,
To grace a Work our Rivals had refus'd.*

*'Tis yours to judge the injur'd Poet's Cause,
And give him full Revenge in your Applause:
Then view our willing Toils with friendly Eyes,
And, from Saguntum's Fall, this Theatre shall
(rise.*





Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Sicoris*, Governor of *Saguntum*, Mr. *Bobeme*.
Murrus, his Son, in Love } Mr. *Walker*.
 with *Candace*,
Eurydamas, the Villain, Mr. *Quin*.
Theron, Chief Priest of *Hercules*, Mr. *Hulett*.
Lycormas, an Under-Priest, }
 Confederate with *Euryda-* } Mr. *Diggs*.
 mas,
Fabius, a young Roman, in } Mr. *Ryan*.
 Love with *Timandra*,
Curtius, another Roman, his } Mr. *Milward*.
 Friend,
First Saguntine, Mr. *Ogden*.

W O M E N.

- Candace*, an Amazon Queen, }
 Captive to *Fabius*, and in } Mrs. *Berriman*.
 Love with him,
Timandra, Daughter to *Si-* } Mrs. *Bullock*.
 coris, in Love with *Fabius*, }

SCENE, Within the Walls of *Saguntum*,
as besieged by *Hannibal*.

T H E



THE
Fall of SAGUNTUM.



ACT I.
SCENE, *Before the Temple.*

Enter Fabius and Curtius.

FABIUS.



THE Day returns, and with it our Re-
proach,
Th'eternal Infamy of guilty *Rome*.
Shall then the Sun, O *Curtius*, shame a
Roman?

And must we shroud our selves in Night's dark Co-
vert?

The

The Night, that scantling gives the Villain Comfort,
His short Vicissitude from conscious Thought.

Curt. Partaker in the Grief, unable to refuse,
I hear these Words fall from a *Roman* Tongue;
Fruitless the Search, nor can we ought alledge,
To save the wounded Honour of our Country:
What shall our Foes report?

Fab. ——— Ah, rather say,
What shall our Friends, the greatly wrong'd *Saguntines*?
By Heav'n, I'd rather face a Troop of Foes,
Than meet one injur'd Friend; yet here, alas!
Thy self excepted, I see none but such.
Nay, thou art injur'd too; thy constant Friendship
Has drawn thee into a long Train of Woes.

Curt. Fabius, no more, I beg thee, on that Subject;
Canst thou then think me recreant at the last?
Or will my Friend grudge me my Share of Glory,
The late, but sure, Reward of manly Bearing?
Know, I rejoice that I am with thee here;
Know, I rejoice that I shall with thee fall:
For fall, 'tis sure, we must; nor let thy Love
For fair *Timandra* give thee other Thoughts.
We must not live to see the City taken;
But, bravely dying in *Saguntum's* Cause,
May our Blood expiate our Country's Shame.

Fab. When Life with Honour comes in Competition;
To thee I need not, sure, point out my Choice;
And yet thy Words have rais'd a Tempest in me,
A Storm that shatters, and o'erbears all Reason.
Didst thou not, *Curcius*, say, The City taken?
Shall *Fabius* live to see that dismal Scene?
Oh, no; and yet, methinks, I should; for where

Shall poor *Timandra*, lovely, wretched Maid,
Then fly for Refuge from some *Lybian's* Lust?
O Torture, Torture! can I bear the Thought!
Shall she not then, in Bitterness of Soul,
In the sharp Anguish of her bleeding Heart,
When the hot Slave, fir'd at her nearer Charnis,
Shall drag her from the Altar to Pollution,
With unavailing Shrieks call out for *Fabius*?
Oh! *Curtius*, Oh! [Leans upon him.

Curt. Cease to torment thy brave, yet tender Heart,
With Ills imaginary, which the Gods,
If I aright divine, shall never suffer.
Nor would the Maid, so far I deem her noble,
Protract her Life to such a fatal Period.
For, sure, in that soft Mould are often cast
Heroick, manly Souls; th'illustrious Names
Of *Clelia* and *Lucrece* adorn our Annals.
Their fair Example, and the *Roman* Blood,
That warms the generous *Timandra's* Heart,
Should fire her Soul to worthy Emulation.
Thus, do I think, would act thy noble Captive,
The fam'd *Candace*, *Amakonian* Queen;
She, who submitted to thy Arm alone;
While circling Foes stood at a Bay around her.
But say, how bears her haughty Soul Restraint,
The double Bonds of Servitude and Love?

Fab. 'Tis there, alas! begins my doubled Woe;
'Tis there I find Alternatives of Grief.
To love and be lov'd, yet not possess;
Is Pain sufficient to a doating Heart;
To be lov'd, yet have not to repay,
Is ample Torture to a grateful Soul.

Yet so stands my Account. 'Tis sure, the Queen
 But ill would brook Captivity, did not Love,
 Superior to all Cares, take up her Soul:
 Love there's a turbulent, unruly Guest;
 For what in others of the Sex is Softness,
 In her seems but a gentler kind of Frenzy:
 While, with becoming Pride, that chides my Coldness,
 Sh'avows a Passion which I dare not see.

Curt. But, lo! the Temple of *Alcides* opens,
Saguntum's Founder, and her tutelar God.

Fab. In him we also boast as near a Claim,
 The mighty Author of the *Fabian* Race;
 Let us go in, and pay our Morning Worship.

Curt. Yet stay thee, *Fabius*; for the Priests come forth,
 As in some grave Procession, two by two,
 Preceding their great Chief.

*Enter, as from the Temple, Theron, attended by the
 Priests; who, after waiting on him out, retire back
 into the Temple.*

Fab. ——— The Warrior *Theron*.
 E'er since the Siege began, in Pray'rs incessant,
 Or warlike Toils, the brave and pious Priest
 Labours his Country's Cause; his lofty Stature
 Suits well the Ensigns of his God; which see
 This Day he wears, to many a sooty *Lybian*
 Portending sure Destruction; he approaches.
 Hail to thee, worthy *Theron*.

Curt. ——— *Theron*, hail!

Ther. Good Day to both, ye noble Pair of Romans;
 Had two more such, with *Hector* and *Aeneas*,

The Fall of SAGUNTUM. 17

Defended *Ilium's* Walls, they now had stood;
Its Fate had been revers'd, and into *Greece*
The War's Destruction hurl'd; but hostile Gods,
As then to *Troy*, now doom *Saguntum's* Fall:
And haughty *Juno*, unrelenting Step-dame
Of the great God, whose memorable Deeds
Have fill'd Fame's hundred Mouths, our glorious Foun-
der,

Wrecks her insatiate Malice on his People.

Fab. Rightly thou hast describ'd the vengeful God-
dess,

Invet'rate Foe to the whole *Dardan* Race,

The partial Patroness of faithless *Carthage*:

But when I style her faithless, how, Oh *Theron*,

Shall I behold thy Face, or how throw off

The great Reproach which thou, with upright Tongue,
Might'st well retort upon the *Roman* Name?

Ther. I would not in that manner wrong thy Virtues,
Thou brave young Man: Has not thy fatal Sword
Dealt Death and Havock to *Saguntum's* Foes?

Art thou not here amongst a wretched People

By thy own Choice, the City's great Defender,

Thy self atoning for an absent Host?

T'insult thy noble Nature were a Crime

My Soul disdains, and far beneath a Man:

Reproach and Obloquy are female Vengeance.

Curt. How gen'rously he waves the shameful Subject,
Converting into Praise the great Disgrace!

If their own Eulogies the Brave may hear,

They're doubly welcome from a Mouth like thine.

Fab. *Theron*, I know the Candour of thy Soul,
Too great to join the Guiltless with the Guilty;

Yet shall it be sufficient, that we two
 Have not to answer for the City's Ruin;
 What shall our Fathers, *Lentulus* and *Fabius*;
 What shall the Fathers of once glorious *Rome*,
 Th'assembled Senate, say? where heretofore
 The Nations wide, next to the Gods themselves,
 Appeal'd for Justice from th'Oppressor's Sword;
 While now——Oh Heav'ns! I shame to say the rest.

Ther. That *Roman* Parents, to their darling Glory,
 Have sacrific'd their Off-spring, well I know;
 Witness stern *Manlius*, and the juster *Brutus*;
 But then those Children had thrown off Obedience,
 And to strict Justice paid their forfeit Lives:
 But that, brave Youths, neither to you nor us
 Can kindred *Rome* impute; in nought have we
 Swerv'd from the steady Principles of Honour.
 It, to be firm and constant to our Leagues,
 Be to offend, then greatly we've offended;
 If, to endure the last Extremities
 Of Sword and Famine, merits Desolation,
 Justly are we abandon'd——

Fab. Hold, I beg thee,
 O gentle *Theron*, hold; thy Words, like Daggers,
 Pierce my sad Heart, fill my swoln Eyes with Tears,
 And lay the great Calamity before them.

Ther. If in the Contemplation of our Woes,
 Full of the Miseries *Saguntum* feels,
 My Tongue gave Utterance to some harsh Words,
 Excuse a Weakness due to my lost Country;
 Nor did I farther mean.

Curr. —— Sparing, indeed,
 And lightly, dost thou touch on *Rome's* Offence;

But yet, for so would my sad Heart persuade,
The News, perhaps, has never reach'd her Shore.

Ther. Too true, alas! the well-appointed Vessel
With favourable Gales has plow'd her Passage,
And must, long since, have enter'd Tyber's Mouth.
But what I rather think, excuse me, *Romans*,
Some wretched Statesmen, awkward Politicians,
Rude in the Task, unequal to the Burthen,
Or brib'd, perchance, with *Carthaginian* Gold,
Now sway her Senate, and give up her Honour.

Fab. Can there be such in that august Assembly?
If such there be, who to sinister Ends
To sordid Views, now sacrifice her Fame,
The *Roman* Genius shall, I trust, hereafter
Find out the Perfidy; and, with Reproach,
To future Times, mark their distinguish'd Names.

Ther. Mean while let us perform the Tasks of Virtue,
That well become the Soldier and the Man:
I think you came to worship; see, the Gates
Are open, and the Priests attend the Altar; —
Enter and supplicate the God's Assistance. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Eurydamas.

Eur. Sure *Theron* saw me not; for if he did,
He may expect I should attend his Rites;
But I have Work in hand of secret Purpose,
And secret need be all its wary Steps.
The Morn is waxing old; and ere this Hour
My trusty Priest should from the adverse Camp
Return, and bring the *Tyrian's* last Resolves. —
Honour! why dost thou rack my Breast in vain?

Fine,

Fine, specious, airy Name, whose outward Show
 Turns giddy Brains, and out of Fools makes Madmen!
 This curs'd Distemper has possess'd the People;
 Who, blindly doating on their own Destruction,
 Seem fond of Havock, and enjoy a Famine.——
 What Ties have I to Faith? In point of Kindred
 I am not bound; what, tho' *Saguntine* born?
 The *Dannian* Blood flows not within my Veins:
 From *Grecian* Ancestors I trace my Lineage;
 A gen'rous Race, who, under great *Alcides*,
 Fixt here their Seat, and rais'd these lofty Walls.
 I'm anxious for this slow-pac'd Priest's Return:
 But, soft! the Noise of Feet——*Lycormas*——

Enter Lycormas.

Lyc. —— He:
 I've shifted Garb, and am again the Priest.
Eur. What from the *Carthaginian*?
Lyc. —— He expects,
 In Confirmation that our Zeal is true,
 The captive Queen be made, by our Procurement,
 The trusty Pledge, and instantly restor'd.

Eur. It shall be so——The Answer speaks him well,
 At once declares the Gen'ral and the Lover.
 Yet dang'rous, sure, and difficult the Task
 To render back *Candace* to his Wishes!
 But, what shall not aspiring Hopes attempt?

Lyc. And with Success, perhaps; but should that fail,
 At least we've play'd an artful After-game.
 I've sown my Poison thick i' th' *Tyrian's* Breast,
 That his false Mistress feels her Victor's Charms,

And

And that the *Roman* meets her proffer'd Flame.
Hence *Fabius*, when he next goes out to Battle,
Shall, with returning Steps, ne'er reach the City,
But fall a Victim to th'invented Tale.

Eur. Too fine, I fear me, hast thou wove the Web
Of thy Design; true, the fictitious Part,
That he should love *Candace*, bears good Meaning;
But then the Truth, that she indeed loves him,
Should, to my Thought, have never been reveal'd.
It may, perhaps, incline his haughty Soul
To slight the keeping of her fickle Heart.

Lyc. Canst thou be such a Novice in that Passion?
Or, art thou such a Stranger to thy self?
Examine thy own Breast, and truly tell me,
Whence flows thy Hatred to the noble *Fabius*?
Is not *Timandra's* Love the real Source?
Shall the same Cause then in the *Tyrian's* Heart
Not have the same Effect? It shall, it has:
I tell thee, Friend, if *Hannibal* himself,
Join'd by the choicest of his Troops in War,
Can make the *Roman* bleed, his Fate is fix'd.

Eur. Thy Words have Weight; sure, if there be a
Joy

Transcends the Raptures ev'n of prosp'rous Love,
It must be when our disappointed Passion
Finds full Revenge upon a hated Rival,
And in the Fav'rite stabs th'ungrateful Fair.

Lyc. Enjoy the Thought, for such shall prove th'E-
vent;

The mighty Chief, inflam'd at my Relation,
Demanded how in Battle he should know him:
For, tho' his warlike Name he oft had heard,

And

And fatal Sword had made *Candace* Captive;
 Yet such their Destiny and Chance of War,
 They never in the bloody Field had met.
 I answer'd short, his Arms might well denote him,
 The milk-white Plume that nodded on his Helmet,
 And *Roman* Eagle that adorn'd his Shield;
 But that, beyond all these, his mighty Arm,
 Cutting its Passage thro' the firmest Ranks,
 With horrid Slaughter, should distinguish *Fabius*.

Eur. I think thou wert enamour'd on the *Roman*,
 Thy Tongue grew lavish in his fulsome Praise,
 And wonder much the Chief could bear thy Language.

Lyc. Again but ill the *Tyrian* dost thou measure;
 My Words, indeed, inspir'd his Soul with Rage,
 A gen'rous Flame that kindled for the Battle:
 Invet'rate there would he pursue his Life,
 When from the Field he knows to prize his Valour,
 And own the Honours that his Virtue merits.
 From Principles like these his Thoughts are form'd;
 And hence, I think, it was he talk'd of *Murrus*.

Eur. Ha! said'st thou, *Murrus*! did he speak of him

Lyc. He did; and with most honourable Mention,
 That well became a noble Adversary;
 He prais'd the gallant Actions of the Youth;
 Wish'd him his Friend, that, meriting his Favour,
 Should Obstinacy still possess the City,
 And our Designs to give it to his Hands,
 By some sinister Chance, abortive prove,
 Mercy might find him in the general Ruin.

Eur. I will improve the Hint, and stir up *Murrus*;

He loves me well, and wishes me his Sister,

Irrecon

Irreconcilable in Hate to *Fabius* :
Then he is bold, vindictive, and impetuous,
Nor brooks a Rival in his Love, or Glory ;
His Popularity, as well as Pow'r,
Will, if we gain him, further much our Purpose :
Yet not at first will I disclose the Whole
Of our Intent ; but playing with his Passions,
Win him, that in Concurrence with the People,
He from his Father shall demand *Candace*,
Thoughtless that we design to set her free.

Lyc. Success attend th' Attempt, as a good Omen
To our chief Work ; if Fortune favour that,
The City's Government shall then be thine,
The Gift of *Hannibal*, and mine the Priesthood.

[Exit

Eur. Perhaps not so, should *Murrus* share the Conduct
Of this our dark and hardy Enterprize,
Too much already in the *Tyrian's* Favour :
Nor can I form a Thought, a Gleam of Hope,
His Honour is to be seduc'd so far :
Howe'er, at Leisure, I shall better weigh it,
For, to the present Purpose, here he comes.

Enter *Murrus*.

Mur. *Eurydamas*, well met ; I came to seek thee :
But who was he that quitted now the Place ?

Eur. It was the Priest *Lycormas* ; he, thou know'st,
Is of my Blood, as well as nearest Friendship ;
A right good Man he is, and worthy well
To've wore the Honours which thy partial Father
Gave from his just and elder Hopes to *Theron*.

Theron,

Theron, who favours the perfidious *Romans*;
Theron, who palliates their base Treachery,
 And speaks of *Fabius* as a new *Alcides*.

Mur. Curse on his glossing Tongue! his artful Words,
 That swell each Pigmy Action to a Giant.
 The glaring Lights, in which he sets to view
 The Roman's Deeds, dazzle *Saguntine* Eyes,
 And make them blind to their own Country's Merit.
 What has his Sword done more than mine in Battle?
 When in the labour'd Field was I behind him,
 Unless returning from the warlike Toil? —
 The Tale of slaughter'd Foes, if right computed,
 Would set large Numbers upon *Murrus*' Side;
 And should their Names be weigh'd in Glory's Balance,
 His light and trifling Scale would kick the Beam.

Eur. His Pride is gaul'd; now let me fire his Love.

[*Aside.*]

Murrus, thou know'st I love thee as a Brother;
 And such did my fond Heart once think to call thee,
 Till this curst *Fabius* robb'd me of that Hope;
 Then sure thou canst not doubt I hate the *Roman*,
 Our common Rival, Bane to both our Passions:
 'Tis true, he says, he only loves *Timandra*,
 And seemingly neglects the captive Queen;
 Yet —

Mur. — What?

Eur. — 'Tis but, perhaps, Surmise —

Mur. — Howe'er

Give it.

Eur. Should *Fabius*, brave tho' we allow him,
 Yet, as a *Roman*, he may well prove false,
 Weighing Events, revolving in his Thoughts,

The

The mighty Ruin that hangs hov'ring o'er us,
Fly with his Pris'ner to the *Tyrian* Camp,
And, at her Ransom, buy his shameful Peace?
I say, this he may do——

Mur. —— Cease, cease to dwell
Upon that jarring String; it grates harsh Discord,
Ruffles my Soul, and shudders in my Blood.
Curst be the Day that she came forth to Battle;
Accurst the Chance that gave her to his Sword:
Had it been mine, our Fates had been more equal,
And we had each been Conqueror in turn,
She to my Arm, I to her Beauty, Captive.
What's to be done, *Eurydamas*?

Eur. —— Only this;
To spread Suspicions that the Queen's unsafe
Beneath the Roof of *Fabius*. — This believ'd,
Contrive she may become our Charge.——

Mur. —— The Means? (Darling:

Eur. The People. Thou wert once their chiefest
Go, try what may be done by Blandishments;
Scoop from thy haughty Soul, and court their Favour;
Innuate to them as a certain Truth,
What barely we surmise, th'intended Flight;
Enrag'd, they shall demand her of thy Father:
I'll follow straight, and join my utmost Arts.

Mur. It shall be done; I will not lose a Moment:

[Going.

But haste thee after, for my Stay with them
Can be but short; my Father's Rising calls me. [Exit.

Eur. The Bait is swallow'd, and the hot-brain'd Youth
Ne'er gave himself the Leisure to consider.
Sedition, thou art up; and in the Ferment
To what may not the madding Populace,

Gather'd together for they scarce know what,
 Now loud proclaiming their late whisper'd Grievs,
 Be wrought at length? Perhaps to yield the City.
 Thus where the *Alps* their airy Ridge extend,
 Gently, at first, the melting Snows descend;
 From the broad Slopes with murm'ring Lapse they glide,
 In soft Meanders down the Mountains Side;
 But lower fall'n, Streams, with each other crost,
 From Rock to Rock impetuously are tost
 Till in the *Rhone's* capacious Bed they're lost;
 United there, roll rapidly away,
 And roaring reach, o'er rugged Rocks, the Sea. [Exit.]

The End of the First Act.

ACT



ACT II.

SCENE, *The House of Fabius.*

Enter Candace.

Can. **H**OW poor a Thing is Empire! and how vain,
To pride our selves upon its short-liv'd
Glories!

The mightiest Monarchs of the peopled Earth
Are still the Subjects to capricious Fortune;
And, when she frowns, the Height on which they sit
Makes but their Fall more dreadful and conspicuous.
A fatal Instance to the World am I,
My self a Queen, and great *Hiarbas'* Daughter;
Yet what avail'd his far-extended Sway?
What boots it to have been the Son of *Ammon*?
On yonder hostile Plain in Death he lies,
His Daughter Captive to a petty State:
Yet is not this the Sum of my Afflictions;
For, to my Pride's Confusion——but he's here——

Enter Fabius.

Fab. Pardon th' Intrusion that proceeds from Joy,
The Joy I have to bring you pleasing News.

The Governor proposes to your Chief,
On honourable Terms to set you free;
And such as, were I *Hannibal*, should ask
No second Thought, impatient as he is
Of Opposition, and the War prolong'd. (kind,

Cap. If thou wert he, thou would'st be wondrous
No doubt! *Candace* then would have great Pow'r!
Talk'st thou of Suppositions! what thou would'st do!
Curst, curst Evasion of my proffer'd Love,
That meets for Gratitude collusive Words!
Well the *Saguntines* may reproach thy Country,
If they, like thee, know no Return of Merit.

Fab. Much am I injur'd in that Thought, fair Prin-
My Soul's true Sentiments but little known. (cess;
With grateful Heart I meet your valu'd Friendship,
And deem it Honour done me by the Gods,
That to my Lot it fell, in the rude Conflict,
To save you from th' unequal Chance of War.

Can. Would I had perish'd there!—obdurate Man!
Still wilt thou wrest the Purport of my Words?

[Turns.
I spoke of Love; what dost thou mean by Friendship?
Well may'st thou turn aside; thy conscious Eyes
Dare not behold the Beauties they have slighted;
Charms that have made rough *Hannibal* a Lover,
Whilst *Africk's* purpled Monarchs swell the Train:
Yet now their Influence is lost; to thee
A Queen, an *Amazon*, is forc'd to sue.
But wherefore rave I? Can the Trumper's Sound
Give noble Ardour, where the Ear is deaf?
The glorious Sun, that sets off Nature's Face,
Shines unperceiv'd by thick and filmy Eyes:

Is this Politeness? These your *Roman* Arts?
For this, the Nations round stil'd barbarous?
Insensible, poor Wretch! I'll learn to scorn thee.

Fab. What shall I say, illustrious Maid, to calm
This Gust of Passion, Tumult of thy Soul?
'Tis sure to you I must appear ungrateful,
At least a stupid, despicable Slave,
Devoid of Sense, and dead to Beauty's Call:
Yet Heav'n can tell how much I prize your Worth,
The joint Perfections both of Soul and Form.
Think not a *Roman* can be Foe to Love;
We own his Pow'r, nor does your warmer Sun
Shine yet but faintly on our neighbour Coast.
With Admiration I behold your Beauty,
Your graceful Figure, and consummate Charms:
Unarm'd, great *Juno's* Majesty you wear;
When in the Field, you look another *Pallas*;
And, could the Goddess boast thy various Graces,
To her the *Trojan* Youth had giv'n the Prize.

Can. Were I that *Pallas*, thou the Shepherd *Paris*,
(And sure the Shepherd's Part would suit thee well)
Soft *Cytherea* would engage thy Choice,
As now *Timandra* bears it from *Candace*. [Starts.
Ha! start'st thou, *Roman*? Have I told thee false?

Fab. Well then, the Secret's out; which, for thy
Industrious did my Tongue strive to conceal: [Peace,
Yet since thou hast it, I'll avow my Passion;
The lambent, unextinguishable Flame,
Which her soft Eyes, and yet more gentle Virtues,
Have kindled in the faithful Breast of *Fabius*.

Can. Am I rejected for a puling Girl?
A-fondling, soft, domestick Animal,

Whose wondrous Talent, whose Perfection is
To weave some pretty Story in the Loom;
Or with her Lute soften yet more her Soul;
A cooing Turtle that bemoans its Mate,
Inspid Creature, form'd without a Gall!

Fab. Her Talents are not masculine, indeed;
To wield the Sword, to strain the twanging Yew,
To lash the foaming Steeds, and drive the Car
With rapid Wheels o'er mangled Carcasses,
She knows not: These are *Amazonian* Virtues.
Yet is she not the less replete with Honour,
And noblest Sentiments confirm her Soul.
With female Softness she bewails her Country,
With manly Patience she partakes its Hardships;
Whilst the poor Pittance, dol'd about with Caution,
To fence against that meager Fiend, the Famine,
In Pity she divides with some starv'd Soldier.

Can. 'Tis vain, I see, to struggle with my Fate;
Yet will my Passion make one last Effort.
Now hear me, *Fabius*, and well weigh my Words.
The Terms thou talk'st of from the Governor,
Shall they with me, give Freedom to thy self?

Fab. Amazing Kindness! Can you think that he
Would offer thus? or *Hannibal* accept?

Can. Then 'tis thy Artifice, and poor Invention,
To rid thy self of my detested Love;
But since that cannot move thy Soul to Softness,
Consider well the Dangers that surround thee;
These nodding Walls, and their impending Ruin;
Short is their Date, and sure Destruction waits them;
If Dangers move not, let Ambition fire thee,
Of martial Realms, *Getulian* Chiefs, that ride

Swift without Bridle, of *Marmarick* Lands,
Thy Captive is the Queen; of these she makes,
And of her Virgin Heart, vow'd heretofore
To the chaste Huntress Queen, at once the Offer.—
Fly with me then from this ill-fated City;
Disguis'd, thro' the *Sidonian* Troops I'll lead thee;
And when thy Foot is set on *Africk* Shore,
Its next Ascent shall be to mount a Throne.

Fab. Now hear a *Roman* speak: That offer'd Throne,
And, what is yet more worth, thy glorious self,
Were my Heart free, *Timandra* never known,
Should not win *Fabius* to forsake his Honour:
Too much already is my Country censur'd;
Shall I by Flight thus add to its Disgrace?
Ignoble Thought! No, here my Fate shall find me;
In Faith's fair Cause I will resign my Breath,
And dying shew, at least, what *Romans* were.—
Yet thus in Gratitude I bow before thee,
Imploring the good Gods on thy Behalf,
In Safety may'st thou reach thy native Land;
In Glory may'st thou reign its mighty Queen;
While some deserving Monarch shares thy Bed,
Enjoying Beauties Fate deny'd to me.

Can. Are these thy Pray'rs? To me they are but
And in Return what should I beg for thee? [Curfes;
But my big Heart disdains a further Converse;
Thy own Stupidity be on thy Head;
For sure, if not my Love could warm thy Breast,
In this at least thy groveling Soul is shewn,
To spurn at Empire, and refuse a Crown. [Exit.

Fab. 'Tis true, Ambition never was my View,
Tho' Glory still has been my great Pursuit;

I would, by noble Actions in her Service,
 Deserve the utmost Honours of my Country;
 Nor higher do my Thoughts affect to rise.
 And to a gen'rous Soul the virtuous Rule
 O'er a free People, chearfully obeying,
 Must bring more real, and sublimer Joy,
 Than can be in the most despotick Sway,
 But my own Passion now requires Attendance;
 And more than time I paid it at the Palace.
 The watchful Governor will soon come forth
 To chear the People with his wonted Goodness;
 And with his Presence animate the Soldier.

[Exit

SCENE *changes to the Palace of the*
Governor.

Enter Sicoris, Murrus, and Timandra.

Sic. Tho' twice four Moons the *Tyrian* has begirt,
 With Troops unnumber'd as his *Africk* Sands,
 Our Walls; yet still, tho' shatter'd, they remain;
 Our Tow'rs, tho' shaken, still erect their Heads,
 And threaten in their Fall to crush the Foe.

Mur. Thus low reduc'd, thus sore distress'd by Famine
 The People still retain their pristine Valour;
 Patient they suffer all the dire Extremes,
 While Rest and Sustenance seem Things forgot.

Tim. With feeble Steps, upheld by diffus'd Spears,
 Our aged Sires ascend and man the Ramparts;
 Pout silence in Pray'rs a Flood of Blessings down,
 And chear with good Prefage their fallying Sons.

Sic.

Sic. And such should prove th'Event, were not their
Strength

Impair'd by want of Nature's due Refreshments;
Strong in their Hearts alone, their Foes they seek,
With whom, when met, they deal but slender Blows.

Tim. Oh, glorious Love of Liberty and Truth!
Oh, pow'rful Force of pure unwav'ring Faith;
Saguntum's other Deity rever'd!

Relieve, thou Goddess, thy true Votaries,
And from thy bless'd Abode show'r down Assistance.

Sic. Thou Pow'r divine! born before *Jove* himself!
At once the Glory both of Men and Gods;

Consort of Justice, Deity confess'd
In ev'ry Bosom where thou deign'st to dwell;
Canst thou, unmov'd, behold thy own *Saguntum*
Oppress'd with Woes surpassing human Bearing?

Woes that she suffers for thy Sake alone;
For thee the People die, on thee they call,
The rueful Father, and despairing Matron;

While famish'd Infants learn to speak thy Name;

Oh, let their innocent and piteous Cries

Pull down thy Vengeance on our cruel Foes!

Tim. This Day, my Father, have the Priests decreed,
Directed by their Chief, the pious *Theron*,

To pass in solemn Pomp around the City,

With all due Rites and hallow'd Ceremonies,

Invoking to our Aid *Alcmena's* Son.

At the same time, attended by a Troop

Of noblest Virgins, shall *Timandra* go

To *Faith's* chaste Shrine; there prostrate on the Floor;

Our Heads and Hands array'd in purest White,

We'll humbly join th'Oblation of our Pray'rs,

And from the Goddess beg her kind Protection.

Mur. In vain, I fear me, are those Pray'rs preferr'd,
While Fate too closely presses on our State,
Giv'n up to Ruin by the faithless *Romans*.
Like our great Founder are we doom'd to fall;
Who, after Labours most unparallel'd,
Became the Victim of base Treachery.

Sic. The War indeed is rather theirs than ours;
For *Hannibal*, thro' us, but aims at them;
With horrid Rites at *Proserpine's* dark Altar,
Sworn by his Father, their invet'rate Foe,
Implacable he meditates the future War;
Already in his Thoughts the *Alps* are past;
The *Latian* Fields cover'd with Desolation,
While floating Carcasses obstruct the Streams;
His Thirst of Blood and fierce Imagination
Ev'n now give *Rome* to his destructive Rage;
O'er the sev'n Hills the *Tyrian* Flame ascends,
And by himself the Capitol is fir'd.

Mur. By *Hercules*, should all his Hopes be answer'd,
'Twould be but what their Perfidy deserves;
Ingloriously to sit, and see a People
Fighting their Cause, ally'd in strictest League,
Receive Conditions from a merc'less Victor.

Sic. Let not thy Country's Love too far transport
Thy juster Thoughts, my Son; for thou shalt find
The *Romans* ever were renown'd for Faith,
Rigid Observers of their sacred Compacts,
And in their Word, once giv'n, inviolate;
Can the whole Earth produce another Instance
Equal to that of their great *Regulus*?
Immortal Man! thou dost as far transcend
All other Heroes, as the Sun the Stars.

Mur. 'Tis true; and therefore shames their present Race:

He should by's Truth, methinks, have been *Saguntine*.

Sic. Curb thy licentious Tongue, intemp'rate Boy,
Shalt thou presume to scan *Rome's* awful Councils?
The secret Springs that move the Wheels of Empire
Are wrought too subtle for Youth's giddy Eyes.
Assume not to thy self, then, what's above thee;
Nor think opprobrious Language makes a Patriot.

Enter Theron.

Thy Steps are hasty, and thy Looks declare
That Haste important; is there ought beside,
Than that, perhaps, the Foe appears in Arms?

Ther. The Foe, I think, is got within our Walls;
A new intestine Foe, accurs'd Sedition:

The People mutiny, and thro' the Streets
Grumbling they mutter Treachery and *Fabius*,
The captive Queen, and more such idle Tales,
I heeded not; but hither bent me straight,
To tell thee this so much unlook'd-for Mischief:
Be quick, and crush the Monster in its Birth.

Tim. Oh! Sir, believe not *Fabius* can be guilty
Of the least Thought repugnant to his Honour;
Virtue to him is all the World can give,
He by her strictest Rules his Actions guides;
This is vile Calumny and base Asperſion,
The ven'mous Off-spring of some Villain's Brain,
Who hates the noble Youth for being *Roman*.

Sic. Thy Cautions how to think of him are needless,
Full well I know, and knowing, prize his Worth:

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Retire, my Child, while I go meet the People;
Make thy Heart easy; *Fabius* be my Care.

[*Exeunt Theron, Sicoris, and Murrus*]

Tim. Make him your Care too, ye all-gracious Powers
Protect the lively Pattern of your selves,
The Great, the Good, Beneficent, and Just.

Enter Fabius.

Ha! *Fabius*; sure he knows not of the News.

Fab. The People's Eyes scowl'd on me as I pass;
And low'ring knit, methought, their angry Brows.
Not so their Wont, when Mothers to their Children
With grateful grating Words, severely kind,
Pointing, would say, There goes indeed a *Roman*;
I know not what to think: But see, *Timandra*;
And in her Presence other Cares are lost.

Tim. Didst thou not meet my Father at thy Entrance?

Fab. I did; some slight Disturbance, as he said,
Requir'd his Presence in the *Forum*; told me
Thou wert alone, and pensive; bid me cheer thee;
And wish'd me here to stay till his Return.

Tim. It was his care to keep him from the Tumult,
[*Aside.*

Which by his Absence best might be compos'd;
I take the Hint—Thou cam'st, I thought, to cheer me.

Fab. Alas! *Timandra*, can it be, my Tongue
Should that impart, which my griev'd Heart ne'er
knows?

All jocund Thoughts have fled the wretched *Fabius*,
And Cheerfulness and I have long been Strangers.
Thy Love alone it is supports my Soul,
Try'd by Distress, a sadly pleasing Comfort.

Tim.

Tim. Thy Words, though mournful, still have Pow'r
to charm;

Gently they soothe my most perplexing Fears.
With thee conversing, I forget my Sorrows,
While softer Passions fill their empty Place,
Engross my Bosom, and possess me whole. [ture;

Fab. Nor think I hear thee speak thus without Rap-
Thy kind Expressions fill my Heart with Transport,
Like softest Harmony they reach my Ear,
And thrilling Pleasures shoot thro' ev'ry Vein:
Yet when they cease, so do not too thy Charms;
Speaking, or mute, the Graces wait around thee,
And Loveliness attends and forms each Motion.

Tim. Thus to thy Eyes I would indeed appear,
And thus I do believe thy Passion paints me;
When o'er our Hearts fond Love has got Dominion,
With his own Blindness he infects his Subjects:
Yet whatsoe'r I am, believe me thine,
Thine in the last Recesses of my Soul.

Fab. Shall I then hear, and only hear the Blessing?
While cruel Fate denies me the Fruition?
Come, come, my Countrymen, redeem your Honour,
And drive these faithless *Africans* before you.

Tim. The very Thought revives me: Should they
come—

And sure, methinks, they should, we yet were happy.

Fab. Prophetick be thy Words! Let me, great
Gods!

Behold the glorious Day, when *Rome's* dread Pow'r
Shall muster on yon Plains her warlike Bands;
Soon shalt thou lose thy Fears, and see with Joy
The *Tyrian* Troops dislodge, and fly before them.

So

So when a Mountain-Goat some Tyger spies,
 Browzing the Shrubs, at his full Stretch he flies,
 Already seiz'd of her with greedy Eyes.
 From the Rock's Refuge, her securer Haunts,
 Driv'n o'er the Plain, the weary'd Creature pants;
 Hardly, with Fear and Toil, her Breath she draws;
 And now, just now, dreads his protended Claws:
 If then the lordly Lion come in View,
 No longer dares he the close Chase pursue;
 Aw'd, yet with Rage indignant, stalks away,
 And to the nobler Brute resigns his hard-sought Prey.

[Exeunt.]

The End of the Second Act.

A C T



ACT III.

SCENE, The Forum.

Enter Eurydamas and Saguntines.

1st Sag. **E**urydamas, thy Country owes thee much,
For this thy watchful Care, and timely
Of foul Designs against her. [Notice

2d Sag. ——— We all thank thee.

3d Sag. And should the Governor refuse us Justice,
We'll tear the Ensigns of his Office from him,
And to thy Hands, and his brave Son's, commit them.

Eur. Their giddy Heat will ruin my whole Plot;
For 'tis not they must fix me in that Seat;
And *Murrus* still comes 'cross my best Designs. [*Aside*.
What mean ye, Friends, and whither do ye run,
Mistaking wide the Drift of my Discourse?
My slender Services ye far o'er-rate,
And rashly censure noble *Sicoris*,
Your prudent, brave, and resolute Defender.
True, he is partial to our faithless Friends,
And, blindly honest, thinks the same of *Fabius*;
Who bears dissembled Love to his fair Daughter;
From whom when once we shall have stripp'd the Vi-
You need not then to doubt his just Award. [zor,

But

But see, he comes; be bold in your Assertions,
And confident in your Demands.

Enter Sicoris, Theron, and Murrus.

Sic. ————— Whence comes it,

My Countrymen, that in tumultuous Sort,
And fullen Mood, you thus are met together,
Doubling the Horrors of War's fearful Visage?
What are your Grievs? and whence your Discontent?

1st Sag. Our Grievs are, like our Labours, numberless;
And ev'ry Morn, when we awake from Rest,
(If any Rest we can be said to have)
Sets a new Scene of Misery before us.

2 Sag. How long must we expect these tardy Romans?
How long with eager Eyes in vain explore
The Sea, that ne'er shall whiten with their Sails?
Such is their Faith, their long-expected Aids!

Sic. Why they have fail'd, the Gods can only tell;
Yet whither tend these Speeches of Reproach?
Is Liberty at last grown irksome to you?
Or would ye, 'cause they come not, yield the City?

Sag. Curse on the Heart that harbours such a
Thought!

We would not be betray'd by one amongst us;
Nor, like *Amycla*, perish by our Silence.

Sic. Point out the Man, ye shall have ample Justice.

1st Sag. The *Roman Fabius*; he, that inmate Traitor.

Sic. His Name and Treachery but ill accord;
Yet speak, declare, what do you charge on him?

2d Sag. That, in Conjunction with the captive Queen,
Whom thy too fond Opinion of his Truth

Has

Has still permitted to remain with him,
He holds pernicious Councils to the State.

3 *Sag.* And now has plotted, it nought worse they
To fly, and yield her to the *Carthaginian*. (can.

Sic. Empty Chimæra's, vain and idle Tales!
Fictions, irreconcilable to Reason!

Did not this *Fabius*, whom ye now implead,
Refuse to go in Embassy to *Rome*,
Our delegated Friend? had he not then
Secure retreated without Stain of Honour;
Nor known the Toils and Dangers here he runs?
Which of you all has not beheld the Deeds,
That in our Country's Cause he has atchiev'd?

Misdoubting, thankless, base, ungrateful Men!

Eur. By Heav'n, he staggers their irresolute Souls;
I must be quick, and reinforce their Clamour. [*Aside.*

What's this Ingratitude thou dost reproach us?
His Cause of Stay was but thy beauteous Daughter,
Whose Charms now slighted for the *Amazonian*,
In shameful League combin'd, their Flight he plots:

Sic. Now Shame upon thy Tongue, *Eurydamas*!

This is thy Malice to a favour'd Rival,
The rankling Sore that festers in thy Breast;
Hadst thou believ'd what now thou dost aver,
The pleasing Truth had slept within thy Bosom:
Are these your Grounds, and his your Informations?

[Turning to the People.

1st *Sag.* Be it sufficient; we believe it Truth;
Nor shall we leave, without Redress, the Place.

Mur. And ye shall find it, Friends; my noble Father
Presides not but to do the Injur'd Justice:
Lay your Demands before him without Fear.

2d *Sag.* Let her be giv'n *Eurydamas* to keep;
To him intrusted, we shall think her safe.

Mur.

Mur. Conclude it done, it is both just and fitting.

Sic. How, Boy! dost thou prescribe thy Father Rules?
And to Sedition's Voice join thy Accord?

I'll teach thee better to behave to both

Thy Parent and thy Country. ——— A Guard there.

Eur. Talk not to us of Guards, we will protect him.

3d Sag. Nor shall he suffer in the People's Cause.

Ther. *Murrus*, without a Pause, implore his Pardon.

And thou, O *Sicoris*, forgive his Fault;

A Warmth that flow'd from a too forward Zeal.

Excuse the Rashness of thy wretched People,

Who, suff'ring much, worn out with War and Famine,
(Which with a Constancy unmatched they've born)

If blindly drawn, and artfully seduc'd,

By some officious Villain's busy Tongue,

They have presum'd to descant on thy Conduct.

And you, my Countrymen, retract your Error;

With Eyes impartial view your noble Chief,

And recognize his Worth: Has he not been

More than your Governor, your common Parent?

Has he not pass'd in painful Watch the Night?

Consum'd the careful Day in search of those

Where soft Humanity might best be shewn?

For you still prov'dent, careless for himself,

Each Day he marks with some distinguish'd Goodness.

And do ye thus return the gen'rous Labours?

Eur. Now Cankers eat his Tongue: The meddling
Priest!

[*Aside.*

See how he talks them to their former Dotage.

Ther. 'Tis Unanimity alone can give

Strength to our Cause, and to the City Safety.

Then hear what I propose: Will ye confide

In me, the Priest of *Hercules* your God?

Within

Within the Temple let the Queen be lodg'd,
My self and holy Brethren for her Guard.

[*They seem to confer.*]

Eur. Perdition seize him, I again am baffled;
I read it in their Looks, he has prevail'd.

1st Sag. We are content; that granted, we retire.

Ther. What say'st thou, *Sicoris*?

Sic. ——— Let it be so:

Theron, unto thy Charge we now commit her:
Convey the Royal Captive to the Temple;
My self will be the noble *Roman's* Surety.

[*Ex. Sicoris, Murrus, Eurydamas, and People.*]

Ther. No trifling Labour will it be t'appease
The just Resentment that shall fire his Soul:
I wish some other had th'unthankful Office.

Enter Fabius and Curtius.

Fab. Curtius, I thank thee for thy friendly Call;
When Honour is concern'd, Love must give place:
But see, the *Forum* void! Are my Accusers fled?

Curt. They durst not stay to brave thy Innocence.

Ther. Softly, my Friends; what is to Reason just,
Will not of Force convince an inflam'd People:
They see with other Eyes; nor will they trust,
When cunningly wrought up, their proper Senses.
They are retir'd indeed, but on Conditions,
Such as, I fear, will grate thy gen'rous Soul.

Fab. Oh, *Theron*! if I ever entertain'd
Th'abandon'd Thought of what I am accus'd,
May'st thou and all good Men renounce me here,
Nor in th'*Elysian* Fields my Soul know Rest!

Ther.

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Ther. Needless to me are these thy Imprecations;
To me not Innocence it self is clearer;
Thy Name as white as is the new-fall'n Snow.
Yet, what I have in Charge, permit me tell;
In forc'd Compliance to the People's Clamour,
(Who by no other Means might be appeas'd)
By me thy Captive *Sicoris* requires:
From thee, ungrateful Task, I must remove,
And in the Temple of *Alcides* place her.

Fab. Too easy *Sicoris*! Unthankful People!
My Soul is touch'd in her most tender Part;
My Honour injur'd beyond Reparation;
Unheard, unprov'd, thus to be deem'd a Villain!
In all the Shapes Ingratitude appears,
Her most detested Form is vile Suspicion.

Ther. Chafe not thy self about the Rabble's Censure;
They blame, or praise, but as one leads the other:
Unthinking Souls! that when consider'd singly,
How few we find deserve the Name of Man;
Yet in Conjunction grow they formidable;
And hence from *Sicoris* have this extorted.

Fab. Since to thy Charge the Queen shall be intrusted;
With less Regret I yield her from my Care:
Yet does my swelling Heart refuse the Office;

Curtius, go thou, and spare thy Friend the Shame.

[*Ex. Theron and Curtius.*]

To the good Man I smother'd my Resentment,
Which, at a proper Time, they dear shall rue.

Enter Murrus.

But *Murrus* comes; and on his angry Brow,
Like a black Storm, sits low'ring Discontent.
He sees, but would avoid me. What, ho! *Murrus*!

Mur.

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Mur. See, I return: What would'st thou with me,
Roman?

Fab. Thou call'st me *Roman*; such indeed I am,
And much I glory in that Appellation:
Yet, for I know thou mean'st it in Reproach,
I well could wish thee to forget my Country,
Since 'tis with friendly Meaning I accost thee.

Mur. Forget thy Country! ——— would I ne'er had
known it,

Nor seen in thee a Pattern of her Falshood:
Thou who, thus trusted, lodg'd within our Bosoms,
Could'st poorly meditate inglorious Flight,
And with thee bear away our noblest Captive.

Fab. Thou dost not in thy Heart thus think of *Fabius*;
These harsh Expressions flow but from thy Tongue,
The hasty Sallies of mistaken Passion;
Thy Bosom must acquit me of the Slander:
Too well thou know'st the Love I bear thy Sister,
But 'tis *Candace's* ill-plac'd Flame that galls thee.
Why dost thou frown? Love is not in our Pow'r;
Nay, what seems stranger, is not in our Choice:
We only love, where Fate ordains we should;
And, blindly fond, oft slight superior Merit.
Since this the Case, let not her fruitless Passion
Estrange thy Heart from one who seeks thy Friendship;
Who, pleas'd, beholds thee in a double View,
The gallant Youth, and dear *Timandra's* Brother.

Mur. Would that *Timandra* heard thy nice Discussion
On that soft Passion; she, be sure, would thank thee;
Think her self much indebted to kind Fate,
To whose sole Influence thy Love is due.

Fab. Unkindly urg'd; I thought not of my self,
Or, what's much dearer than my self, *Timandra*.

Oh!

Oh! she's all Tendernels and gentle Joy,
 The smiling Loves play hov'ring round her Lips,
 And Grace ineffable adorns her Eyes:
 If she then, thus bedeck'd with all that Nature
 Could lavish on her with a Hand profuse,
 Can think of *Fabius*, and his little Merit,
 I well might say 'twas Fate that made me happy;
 Yet is there wanting to confirm that Bliss,
 Did not th'unhappy Siege forbid my Joys,
 Thy kind Consent, which still in vain I court;
 Thy noble Brother, Peace be to his Shade!
 Was *Fabius*' Friend, and further'd still my Love;
 Be thou like him, or tell me why thou art not.

Mur. Already thou must know we had two Mothers,
Rutulian his, and mine of *Grecian* Extract,
 Nearly related to *Eurydamas*;
 And if thou wert not, what I scorn, a *Roman*,
 Should for that Reason wish my Sister his.

Fab. Yet whence this Scorn? and wherefore, tho' a
 Am I not worthy of thy Sister's Arms? [Roman,
 Do not *Rome*'s Glories fill th'admiring World,
 Or does the *Grecian* Name outrival hers?
 Grant. that my Country should have been to blame,
 (Yet sure the Day shall come to clear that Crime)
 Speak with impartial Voice, and then declare,
 If, howsoe'er by thee preferr'd, my Rival
 Has in *Saguntum*'s Cause done more than I?

Mur. Thou seem'st to vaunt thee in thy martial Deeds:
 Yet what are these, that any brave *Saguntine*
 Should from thy Sword claim but the second Place
 In Honour's List? By me *Hiempsal* fell;
 Who with bold Feet durst tread the dang'rous Sands,
 And from the raging Seas snatch back their Spoils.

By me fell *Ghermes*, *Masulus*, and *Atyr*,
 Who of his Poison could disarm the Serpent,
 And, touching, charm to sleep the baneful Adder.
 Then *Kartalo*, that, with intrepid Hand,
 Would soothing stroke the pregnant Lioness.
 All *Lybian* Chiefs, and such their savage Virtues;
 Nor could, superior to all these, *Hiarbas*
 Escape my Sword, tho' sprung from mighty *Jove*:
 While now thou glory'st in his Daughter's Chains,
 In shameful Conquest, ignominious Triumph.

Fab. What I have done, becomes not me to say;
 And with ill Grace thy Tongue declares thy Deeds;
 Yet tell me, *Murrus*, did the Shame of Conquest
 Over an *Amazon*, whose fatal Arm
 Had then laid weltring in his Blood thy Brother,
 Forbid thy Vengeance, and restrain thy Sword?
 Oh, Honour nicely weigh'd! fraternal Love!
 Was it for this the shameful Part was left
 To me, who led her captive from the Field,
 Which thou disdain'g, kept'st thy self aloof?

Mur. She saw thee *Roman*, and she deem'd thee false;
 Yielding to thee, she hop'd a safer Flight,
 Which from thy Treach'ry she might soon expect:
 And that she thought aright, th'Event has prov'd.

Fab. How has it prov'd? Is to asperse, to prove?
 Sad then should be the State of Innocence.
 Shall bare Assertion have the Force of Truth,
 And weigh the Tenour of our Actions down?
 No, 'tis from them, when other Proof is wanting,
 That Men should form their apt and surer Judgments.
 Thus therefore wrong'd, let me, not vainly, say,
 From mine, thy Father thinks me, as I am,
 Thy Country's Friend, and her no small Support.

Mur.

Mur. Thou her Support! insufferable Pride!
 Oh, Arrogance unmatch'd! What then am I?
 What is *Eurydamas*, or valiant *Theron*?
 That we should yield the foremost Rank in War?
 By Heav'n, my Soul now kindles as for Battle,
 And my big Heart beats thick with Indignation.
 No more, I charge thee; on thy Life, no more.

Fab. I smile, believe me, at this causeless Heat;
 True Courage is not, where fermenting Spirits
 Mount in a troubled and unruly Stream;
 The Soul's its proper Seat; and Reason there
 Presiding, guides its cool or warmer Motions:
 Thy idle Rage, that, like a cover'd Fire,
 The Embers rak'd, mounts up in crackling Sparks,
 I heed no more, than Heav'n those fiery Bubbles.

Mur. 'Tis well. Now shew this Grandeur of thy
 Soul;
 And let thy Arm, not Words, rebuke that Rage,
 Which seems so idle to thy reas'ning Valour:
 Here on this Spot it quickly shall be seen,
 If thy supporting Sword can save its Master. [*Draws.*]

Fab. Thy Prowess well I know, as thou dost mine;
 Better employ'd against the common Foe:
 Then, *Murrus*, sheath again in Peace thy Weapon;
 If not for thine, yet for thy Country's Sake.
 Just would her Exclamations prove on *Fabius*,
 If in domestick Broil, howe'er provok'd,
 My Sword should rob her of so brave a Son.

Mur. I soon will ease thee of that needless Fear;
 Draw; if I fall, my Country shall acquit thee.

Fab. Still I am calm. Is not the dear *Timandra*—

Mur. Her Country's Shame, for doating on a Roman;
 That abject Thought imbitters more my Rage:

Nor will I dally thus one Moment longer.
Defend thy self.——

Fab. ——Nay, then—— [Fight.

Enter Eurydamas.

Ent. ——What do I see?
If both, or either falls, it suits my Purpose;
I will withdraw.

Enter Curtius.

Cur. ——How now! retiring, Villain?——
'Tis thou hast blown this Fire; then take thy Share.

Enter Theron, as they engage.

Ther. I think some Fury has possess'd your Bosoms.
Is this a Time for Civil Feud and Discord?

[Beats down the Swords of the two latter; while
Fabius disarms Murrus.

Fab. Now better learn to use thy Tongue or Sword;
And owe thy Life to, what thou scorn'st, a Roman.

Mur. Curse on my Fate, curse on my feeble Arm,
Unfaithful Minister to a daring Soul;
Poorly thou hast betray'd my former Name,
And in a Moment fully'd all its Glories.

Ther. Calm thy self, *Murrus*; 'tis the Soldier's Lot,
To meet the Frowns, as well as Smiles of Fortune;
In private Combat, as in War, uncertain.
Where is the Heroe, who ne'er found his Equal?
Or which the Nation, that can boast a Chief,
Who still return'd victorious from the Field?

Such was not *Pyrrhus*; such our mighty Foe,
Not even *Hannibal* himself shall prove.

What Consolation Fate allows toil'd Virtue,
Is to receive that Foil from noble Hands.

But what, *Eurydamas*, shall I say for thee,
Thou base Fomenter of unnat'ral Jars?

Eur. For me——Speak for thy self, injurious Priest;
Nor blacken others, till thy self art clear:

Reform the Manners of thy libertine Tribe,
Cleanse the *Augean* Stable of thy Breast,
Subdue the *Hydra* Passions of thy Soul,
And in these Labours imitate thy God.

Ther. When such as thou revile the holy Order,
The best of Answers is a noble Scorn.
Thus Village Curs howl at the silent Moon,
While she serenely glides unclouded on.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Governor has sent to seek thee, *Theron*;
Our Watchmen from the Tow'rs descry the Foe,
In Ranks embattled, marching to'ards the City.

Ther. Entring, of this I heard; now judge thee,

Murrus,

Of thy intemp'rate Warmth at such a Juncture;
Let this at least unite our Hands and Hearts,
And pour redoubled Vengeance on our Foes.

[*Exeunt Theron, Murrus, and Eurydamas.*]

Curt. Why dost thou loiter thus, my Friend, to arm?
Not so was us'd to be thy martial Ardor.

Fab. Is there a Cause? and dost thou ask it, *Curtius*?
The base Suspicion of my injur'd Virtue,
The Rights of War infring'd in my fair Captive,
Might well inform thee of my Soul's Resolves.

No more my Sword for this ungrateful People
Shall be imbru'd in *Carthaginian* Blood:

Let her own Heroes now defend her Walls,
And *Marrus* shew the little Worth of *Fabius*.

Curt. The Thought is just, and worthy of thy self:

Then, when they smart, shall they regret thy Wrongs,

While the fierce Foe pursues them o'er the Plain,

And hangs insulting on their broken Rear:

A late, but sure, Repentance then shall find them;

While from the Battlements thou seest the Rout,

Confusion, Horror, and their foul Dismay.

Thus wrong'd *Pelides*, while the *Greeks* in vain

With Pray'rs and Presents would his Aid regain,

So fell his Anger, and Revenge so sweet,

With gloomy Joy saw *Hector* fire the Fleet. [Exeunt.]

The End of the Third Act.



C. 2

ACT



ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Temple.*

Enter Candace and Lycormas.

Can. **M**uch to thy kind Compassion, gentle Priest,
Believe me, I am bound : To visit the
Distress'd,

To calm the Mind, and soothe our anxious Cares,
Are Offices that well become thy Function ;
Wisely for this great End you're set apart,
Freed from the Troubles of the busy World,
To teach unhappy Mortals to submit
To whatsoever the good Gods inflict ;
And for the pious Deeds Mankind reveres you.

Lyc. I'm pleas'd, great Princess, to behold the Storm
That rag'd so boist'rous in your swelling Breast,
Gently subsiding to this *Haleyon* Calm ;
Say, is there ought in which I more may serve you ?

Can. A lucky Offer ; — well have I dissembled,
And hid the wild Disquiet in my Soul. *[Aside.]*
There is ——— but what, I fear, thou wilt refuse.

Lyc. Command *Lycormas* ; know him for thy
Friend.

Can. But shall this Friendship reach to bring me Fa-
Ungrateful *Fabius*, hither to the Temple? *(bina)*
Whom, spite of all my Wrongs, I still must love.

Lyc. From him for Safety wert thou hither brought,
Confided to our Care: Should I abuse
The Trust the People have committed to us,
My forfeit Head must answer the Offence.

Can. Alas, what shall I say? I fear'd thy Answer,
Nor have I ought to bribe thee to the Hazard:
What can a Captive offer? I swear by *Ammon*,
My great Progenitor, if e'er my Fate
Restore me to the *Garamantian* Throne,
I'll give thee a whole Province in Reward.

Lyc. A smaller Bribe might purchase what she asks.
If *Hannibal* succeeds without our Aid,
Her Int'rest then may stand me in good stead: *[Aside.]*

Can. He seems to ponder on it; then there's Hope.

Lyc. I have consider'd this thy bold Request;
Which, at my utmost Peril, I shall grant;
And in return, will only this demand,
That in the Day which Fate seems bringing on,
And to the *Tyrian's* Pow'r shall give the City,
Thou wilt not prove unmindful of *Lycornas*.

Can. May Heav'n be so of me, if I forget
Thy gen'rous Pity to a wretched Captive!
But haste, and bring him to my longing Eyes.

Lyc. Do not so soon anticipate the Joy,
Which Fate may yet deny thy eager Hopes;
Perphaps upon the Field he now lies dead;
For in the Instant thou wert here convey'd,
The Foe approaching, all our Forces rally'd;
And I am yet to learn of the Event.

Can. Forbid it, Heav'n! forbid it ev'ry Pow'r!
That should protect a brave and godlike Man;
For such the scorn'd *Candace* still must own him.

Ege. Within the Temple, on its utmost Verge,
A most recluse and gloomy Cell there lies;
To this th'inferior Priests have never Entrance,
And only *Theron* and my self approach it;
Thither, if he survive, I will conduct him,
In my own Robe conceal'd; and freely there
Thou may'st disclose what'er thy Heart shall dictate.
But be not long, for in the tedious Minutes,
Exquisite Interval, I'm on the Rack;
For sure the greatest Evil Man can know,
Bears no Proportion to the dread Suspence.

Can. To me how transient shall those Minutes prove,
Whom Fate allows not ev'n that wretched State!
Suspence can only be where Hopes appear;
Of those, alas! I've none: Then in their room
Let full Despair succeed, and steel my Breast
To meet its Fate, that quietly in Death
I may lay down the Burden of my Woes.
Thus the lost Traveller at Close of Day,
Cheerless, thro' *Lybia's* Wastes, pursues his Way;
Dreads the wide Plain, where Trees, nor Hills, arise,
A sad Expanse, still length'ning with the Skies!
No Land-mark there, no Foot-steps can he trace,
Those from th'unfaithful Sands the Winds craze,
And leave, us on the Sea, one undistinguish'd Face.
When to his weary Search no End is found,
Still in the midst it throws him on the Ground;
There, self-resign'd, expects approaching Fate,
And deems it Blessing to the former State. [Exit.

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Lyc. So, she's retir'd; now to perform my Promise.
I must go learn——

Enter Eurydamas.

——— *Eurydamas* return'd!

What from the Field? and how have we succeeded?

Eur. Our Plots have fail'd, and turn'd upon our selves:
The Roman's Genius has again preserv'd him:
But what more grates, th'infatuated People,
Whom the fierce Foe pursu'd with dreadful Slaughter.
Ev'n to the Gates, reproaching now themselves,
Impute to *Fabius*' Absence the Misfortune.

Lyc. To *Fabius*' Absence! — went he not to Battle?

Eur. Fir'd with Disdain at our bold Accusation,
Th'Indignity was offer'd to his Name,
By forcing from him, in such sort, his Captive,
He would not arm, but from the Battlements,
A pleas'd Spectator, saw the dismal Havock.

Lyc. Thy self an idle one, I may presume,
Didst only make the Semblance of a Fight.

Eur. True; and that gave me Leisure to behold
The various Chances that attend on War;
While *Tyrians* here, *Saguntines* there prevail'd,
And at a Stay long held the doubtful Battle.

Lyc. What gave at last a Fortune to the Day?

Eur. The *Carthaginian* Chief came furious on,
And calling loud for *Fabius* thro' the Field,
Scatter'd Destruction wheresoe'er he pass'd.
Unequal to the Shock, our harraisd Men
Gave way, and flying, hardly reach'd the City;
Which he had enter'd with them, but for *Theron*.

Lyc. How undesign'dly has he wrought us Good?
Thou and my self, my Friend, are much his Debtors:
But how prevented he the *Tyrian's* Purpose?

Eur. Imagine to thy self a Swarm of Bees
Driv'n to their Hive by some impending Storm,
Which, at its little Port in clust'ring Heaps,
And climbing o'er each other's Backs, they enter.
Such was the People's Flight, and such their Haste
To gain the Gates; not even then secure,
So close the Foe pursu'd: 'Twas then that *Theron*,
Advancing singly, like another *Cocles*,
Met his full Rage; and from his brawny Arms,
With Force *Herculean*, hurl'd his knotty Club:
Strongly it flew, and on the *Tyrian's* Armour
Horridly clanking, from his Breast rebounded.
Him reeling on his Steed his Friends supported,
The Priest retreated, and the Gates were clos'd.

Lyc. Once, as I think, thou didst reproach *Lycormas*,
As one too lavish in thy Rival's Praise;
Now are we quit.

Eur. ——— The Time indeed requires
Our more immediate Thoughts; and tho' we've fail'd
In what, as Earnest of our Truth, was ask'd,
Our next Success shall more than compensate.
This Night, by *Damnus'* and *Metiscus'* Death,
Who in the Sally fell, the Gates are mine.
This happens cross, as hurrying on our Plot
Before the Time concerted with the *Tyrian*:
Yet from our Hands we must not slip th'Occasion;
But when the Ev'ning Shades shall spread the Earth,
Another perilous Adventure waits thee,
By once more seeking the *Sidonian* Camp.
Still it remains to make the Guard our own.

Lyc.

Lyc. I have with other Thought, long since, pre-
par'd,

Within my Cell, a sleep-provoking Draught;
So potent in effect, it instant gives
Lethargick Rest, and fast binds down the Sense.
This, as a Treasure pointed out by Fate
For a rich Cordial to thy slender Guard,
Worn out by Toils of War, thou may'st dispense;
And greedy they shall drink the treach'rous Juice.
Then as we shall perceive the Guile take place,
We'll give the Signal, and admit the Foe.
But I have now t'acquaint thee with a Boon

The captive Queen has begg'd, and I have granted:
Here in the Temple would she meet the Roman;
And, habited like me, I mean to bring him.

Eur. Bold Deed thou hast presum'd to promise, Priest;
But what from thence can she, or thou, propose?

Lyc. I heed not her Design; my own but this,
To make her my sure Friend with Hannibal;

Eur. Indeed!—but I may chance to spoil your Plot:
This forward Priest encroaches on my Hopes,
And from an Emiffary grows a Rival.

I must at once get rid of him and Murrus,
And Fate now throws th' Occasion in my Way.

Lyc. What is it, Friend, that thus employs thy
Thought?

Eur. I have been weighing what thou dost propose,
According little to thy wonted Prudence;
Great is the Risque, and small, in my Conceit,
The Profit rising from that Danger run;
For if this Night propitious to us prove,

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Self-recommended, thou'lt not want her Friendship :
Yet, as thou seem'st to make light of the Hazard,
Hear what I offer to thy better Thoughts.
In the last Conference with the *Tyrian* Chief,
He then propos'd, as our Associate, *Murrus*;
Here 'twould be wise to gratify that Wish,
And noble Pity to preserve the Youth ;
For this, in vain, I've us'd my utmost Arts,
To all impenetrable he remains ;
Weak on the Side of Love alone he seems,
And, like *Achilles*, mortal in one Part.

Lyc. Proceed, for yet I do not ken thy Aim.

Eur. *Murrus* is still a Stranger to the Flame
Which to thy self the *Carthaginian* own'd :
Him, in the *Roman's* stead, I would advise
To the desiring Queen thou should'st convey.
I will prepare him for the Interview,
And bid him say his Rival fell in Battle ;
Then, for thou know'st the Sex that easily pass
From one Excess of Passion to another,
Should Thought of Liberty, or Love, prevail
To give him Hopes, she surely makes him ours.

Lyc. My aug'ring Soul forbids ; yet I consent.
Let *Murrus* come, the Habit shall be ready. [Exit.]

Eur. There's one o'er-reach'd ; the harder Task, I fear,
Is yet to come : *Murrus*, by Nature honest,
Perhaps may startle at the Thought of Rape ;
And, aw'd by Conscience, disappoint my Purpose :
But then his Hopes are desperate, and his Love
Is, like his other Passions, in Excess :
On that I build ; assist but, Fortune, here,
Down sink my Rivals in the *Tyrian's* Favour.

Murrus,

Murrus, I come; if that thy steady Virtue
Escape this Snare, my Wiles know no Resource.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE *changes to the Governor's Palace.*

Enter Sicoris and Murrus.

Sic. No more; but go, and do what I enjoin thee:
Submit thee to the Virtue thou hast wrong'd,
Make Peace with him, or hope it not with me.

Mur. Would then my Father so debase his Son,
To have him cringe and fawn upon a *Roman*?
Shall I, with fervile Looks, and forc'd Obeisance,
Approach his Pride, and poorly crave his Pardon?
Pardon, for what? in what has he been injur'd?
And is not yet his Treach'ry manifest?
Why, if he meant us well, did he refrain
To meet the *Tyrian* in the bloody Field,
But that his Falshood might not there confront him?

Sic. Too well thou know'st the Cause that kept him
A just Disdain, and honest Pride of Soul, (absent,
For which thy Country has severely suffer'd;
While, rashly trusting to the noisy Boasts
Of talking Warriors, she has lost a Heroe.

Mur. Patience, good Heav'n, or I shall burst with
My rising Passion quite choaks up my Words: (Rage;
How! talking Warrior! have I liv'd to hear
That shameful Title giv'n me by my Father?

Sic. I wish I had a better to bestow?
Behold yon Plain, see there the recent Dead;

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Does not that View upbraid thy late Behaviour?
These from thy Arm expected their Protection;
They fell, but thou——

Mur. I know what you would say,
I fled; 'tis true, but yet the last I fled.

Sic. Too soon the last——

Mur. —— I am not *Hercules*;
Nor was my Arm indu'd with Pow'r celestial,
To conquer Armies, and force Destiny.
What is it more I could have done?

Sic. —— Have dy'd.

Mur. I might, indeed; but had my Death avail'd?
My Country? Living, I may do her Service,
When better Fortune shall attend our Arms.

Sic. Make good thy Words; for ere the setting Sun
Shall hide his flaming Chariot in the Main,
A last, and desperate Effort we will try;
Now, while the *Tyrian*, fell'd by *Theron's* Arm,
Has giv'n his Troops to see he can be vanquish'd.
If then we meet Repulse, why, farewell, Hope,
And welcome, Death: the City's Fate is fix'd.
In the mean time, I charge thee, seek out *Fabius*;
Be reconcil'd, or see my Face no more. [Exit.]

Mur. Then I shall see thy Face no more, stern Man!
Injurious Parent! to enjoin a Deed
My Soul disdains, and Honour too forbids.
Submit! and beg he would be reconcil'd!
Hold there, my Heart——no! if he can divest
So easily the Sire, I can put off the Son.

Enter

Enter Eurydamas.

Eurydamas, thou'rt come in happy Time,
To share, and, sharing, to assist my Grief:
Grief did I say?—Now, out upon the Word;
I meant, my Rage; and so I should have call'd it.

Eur. His Greeting likes me; the Scene opens well.

[*Aside.*]

Who is it, *Murrus*, thus has dar'd to stir thee?

Mur. Would I might call him by some other Name
Than that of Father; then should my good Sword
Wipe off the foul Aspersions on my Honour.
O Friend, hadst thou beheld how I was treated,
Reproach'd as faithless, taunted as a Coward!
Am I a Coward? Is not my Country's Cause

Here at my Heart? Speak, and declare me wrong'd!

Eur. Impossible, I think, thy Father thus could act;
And, but thou say'st it, 'twould surpass Belief.

Mur. Nay more, by Heav'n, he has with Threats en-
Most vile Submission to the Man I hate, (join'd)
The favour'd Rival of my Fame and Love.
But why does that soft Passion now come cross me?

Eur. Wherefore, indeed? I could have wish'd the War,
With its sad Consequence, thy ruin'd Country,
Thy hopeless Flame for an ungrateful Woman,
Who, flighting thee, doats on a cursed Roman,
Had from thy Bosom driv'n the puny God.

Mur. Alas! too strongly has he ta'en Possession
Of my weak Breast, which now against my self
He fortifies, impregnable to Reason;

That,

That, like a *Roman*, at my utmost Need
 Forsakes, and poorly yields me to my Foe.
 Yet would I have thee think it noble Pride,
 And generous Disdain that urges my Pursuit;
 I would not ev'n in Love know a Superior,
 But, as in War, surmount all Opposition.

Eur. Then thou should'st act the prudent Warrior's
 Not fondly grasp at Things impossible; (Part,
 For little less than such are thy vain Hopes:
 Suppose, which yet we know is far from Truth,
 Her Heart estrang'd from *Fabius*, can you think
 Those Arms, imbru'd in her lov'd Father's Blood,
 Shall ever clasp her in the Fold of Love?

Mur. Thou seest for her I have forgot my Brother;
 Beneath her biting Axe fell the unhappy Youth.

Eur. And shall their Blood cement your growing
 Friendship,
 Inspire soft Love, and kindle am'rous Flames?
 Shocking to Thought! No, 'tis too sure this way
 Thou never canst succeed——and yet there is——

Mur. Another, thou would'st say: My more than
 My better Genius. (Friend,

Eur. ——— Most true there is; but ———

Mur. Why dost thou hesitate, and bar my Joy?

Eur. First, it behoves thee, *Murrus*, well to weigh
 Our lost Condition, and the City's State;
 Not many Suns can we sustain the Siege,
 And the surviving Few shall then be Slaves;
 'Mongst those my Name shall never be enroll'd.

Mur. I need not say my Soul too scorns the Thought.

Eur. What hinders, but that thou should'st seize thy
 And, in a lucky Hour, forestal thy Fate? (Bliss,
 The Means are in my Hands, embrace th'Occasion.

Mur.

Mur. Thou would'st not have me ravish!

Eur. Canst thou think

An *Amazon* is won by whining Courtship,
Or that she ever shall complain of Force?
The bold, impetuous Warrior still they chuse,
In strict Embraces strain the struggling Youth;
Who, nobly daring, gratefully offends,
And spares their Cheek the Blush of dull Consent.

Mur. My Soul is stagger'd at the horrid Deed.

Eur. Why then let *Fabius* go; for ere an Hour
Be past, disguis'd he meets her in the Temple;
For what, I leave to thy Imagination;
But sure, I think, they mean not cool Discourse:
Yet had it pleas'd thee, thou hadst fill'd his Place.

Mur. Ha! thou hast rous'd all that's Man within me;
The Thought of Rivalship has fir'd my Blood:
Shall *Fabius* revel in extatick Joys,
And in her Arms once more, with Pride elate,
Insult, with double Triumph, wretched *Murru*?
Remorse, be gone; avaunt, thou Bugbear Conscience.
Did now the City blaze with *Tyrian* Flames,
And the tost Firebrands cast their dreadful Gleam,
In streaming Fires around the sacred Fane,
Shrieking, and clinging to the Shrine, i'd force her,
Another *Semele* enjoy'd in Flames.
Yet could I wish, so much I love the Fair,
To different Fates the ancient Tale were turn'd,
The Nymph might be preserv'd, the Lover burn'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Sicoris, Theron, and Timandra.

Sic. I have already charg'd thy haughty Brother,
T'implore his Pardon, and confess him injur'd;
Go thou, and with Love's pow'rful Rhet'rick strive
T'inforce the Plea, and win him to our Aid.

Ther. The Task is only thine, thou charming Maid;
Alone thou know'st the Workings of his Soul;
Its secret Avenues, and softer Moments.

Sic. Think what a noble Cause employs thy Tongue,
Thy ancient Father, and thy mourning Country;
And both their Blessings shall attend thy Suit.

Tim. Oh, with what Joy I readily accept,
With how much Pleasure shall perform, the Task,
With how great Rapture, if Success should crown it!
And is there ought he shall refuse *Timandra*?
I go, I fly; nor will I quit my Hero,
Till Love shall send him dreadful to the Field.

[*Exit.*]

Sic. Hast thou, as we agreed, employ'd the Priests,
To learn the People's utmost Resolution,
To try their Strength of Soul, and know, if now
The Gods prove adverse to our last Attempt,
And Hope be lost, they dare to plunge in Flames,
And, self-devoting, disappoint their Foes?

Ther. I have my self been talking with their Chiefs;
Not one of all averse to the Design,
So firm their Love of Liberty and Faith:
The noble Warmth inspires the very Matrons,
Who dancing in their Arms their famish'd Babes,
Cry, Hush! my Boy, an End of Woes is nigh:

And

And since it was not giv'n thy infant Arm
To fight thy Country's Battles, perish with her.

Sis. Then all is well; at least, in our sad State:
Then let the barb'rous Foe insult our Walls,
The naked Ruins where *Saguntum* stood.
Our free-born Sons in Freedom shall expire;
Visit th'*Elysian* Fields, all true, all brave,
And not a single Soul descend the Shades a Slave.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Fabius and Timandra.

Fab. Cease to request that which I dare not grant,
What rigid Honour to my Will denies:
Would'st thou, of that lov'd equal with thy self,
His other Consolation, rob thy *Fabius*?

Tim. What is this Idol Honour, that exacts
Such horrid Worship, and such cruel Rites?
Can nought less than a People's Blood atone
A single Violation of her Law?

Fab. Sacred they are, and by the Great and Brave
Beheld at Distance with religious Awe;
Nor, when invaded by the profane Vulgar,
Demand a slight and petty Reparation.

Tim. Yet Heav'n it self is mov'd by Penitence,
And the red Bolt, brandish'd aloft in Air,
Is wrested from the ready Arm of *Jove*;
Who, in Compassion to our frailer Nature,
Oftt suffers seeming Violence from Pray'r:
And dost thou boast his Lineage; yet put off
That gentle Virtue, in which he delights?

Fab. Thou talk'st as if I were indeed a God;
And Fate depended upon my Volition.

Tim.

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Tim. Alas! I find thee mortal by thy Passions,
 Resenting, wrathful, and inexorable;
 Yet once I ne'er could thus have thought of *Fabius*.

Fab. My Heart is riv'n asunder by thy Words;
 Take here my Sword, rip up my Bosom quick;
 See there the Pow'r thou hast to be obey'd
 In any thing but this.

Tim. ————— 'Tis this alone
 Shall give the Proof, and evidence thy Love.
 This, if thou canst refuse, thou dost abandon
 The lost *Timandra* to some Ruffian's Arms;
 Who then, as now, with streaming Eyes, in vain,
 Shall deprecate the fierce Barbarian's Rage.

Fab. The Thought is terrible; thou hast o'ercome;
 I go, but first permit this last Embrace:
 Did not Persuasion hang upon thy Tongue,
 Did not thy Words thus soft and mournful flow,
 Who could resist those moving, speaking Drops,
 That sparkle in thy Eyes with trembling Lustre?
 Thus when her Son on *Phrygian* Plains lay dead,
 In humid Clouds *Aurora* veil'd her Head;
 Her rosy Cheeks thro' the dim Crystal glow
 With fainter Colours, and confess her Woe;
 Sadly her radiant Eyes the Tears adorn,
 Yet in the fragrant Dew more sweetly rose the Morn.

[Exit.

Tim. And now, methinks, I tremble at my Conquest;
 Tumultuous Fears run shiv'ring thro' my Limbs:
 Alas! to what a dreadful Field I've sent him?
 And, if he falls, I lose—good Gods, what shall I lose!
 The bravest Man, and most sincere of Lovers.
 Fatal his Sword in Battle to his Foes,
 Dreadful his Wrath, while the shrill Trumpet sounds:

But

But when the charming Youth divests the Warrior,
And fierce *Bellona* yields him up to *Venus*,
With what bewitching Softness does he look!
With what endearing Tenderness he talks!
The artless Tale of Love, that from his Lips
Flows in soft Murmurs, like a limpid Stream,
Attracts my whole Attention, and my Love.
While *Philomela* thus her Strains renews,
Deep in the shady Covert, cloath'd in Dews;
The soft melodious Notes, that charm the Heart,
Approach Perfection, as they mock all Art. [Exit.

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT



A C T V.

S C E N E, *The Temple.**Enter Lycormas.*

Lyc. **O**H, horrid Deed! what have my Eyes beheld?
 Deceiv'd *Eurydamas*, and Villain *Murru*!
 Oh! I could tear my Flesh, and curse my Folly,
 Thus to be ruin'd by a lustful Boy:
 Capricious State of all Conspiracies!
 Where build we e'er so wisely, or so strong,
 Founded on Reason, rais'd with utmost Caution;
 Some unthought Accident, and least suspected,
 Throws to the Ground the goodly rising Fabrick.
 What's to be done? Can I approach the *Tyrian*,
 And hope his Favour for a ravish'd Mistress?
 Not this I promis'd, nor will he reward.

Enter Eurydamas unseen.

Shall it avail me to declare the Truth?
 Will it not more inflame his Rage against me?
 False both to him and her, a double Traitor!

Eur. These Looks disorder'd, and uneasy Gestures,
 Sufficiently declare his secret Anguish;
 The Disappointment that now tears his Heart.

Lyc.

Lyc. The more I think, the more I'm lost: *Eurydamas!*

How dearly thy too subtle Schemes shall cost us?

Eur. Thy self, I hope, not me; mistaken Priest!

But let me now resume the Hypocrite,
And stand aghast at Mischiefs I contriv'd.

[*Shews himself.*]

I come not now, *Lycormas*, to relate
The bloody Deeds that in an Hour have past;
Suffice it, both Sides are with Loss retir'd;
But, as the Gloom of Night comes on, would warn
To hasten thy Departure to their Camp. (thee

Lyc. But tell me first, how fares our new Associate,
The late admitted, but well-trusted *Murrus*?

Eur. How little does he think he ne'er was trusted?

[*Aside.*]

The Youth is dead; but wherefore these thy Titles?

Lyc. Yet more, how fell he?

Eur. ——— By the Tyrian's Arm. (Dooms!

Lyc. Oh, Heav'n! how just, how righteous are thy

Eur. What mean thy Words? In what has Heav'n
been just?

Lyc. Alas! *Eurydamas*, we are undone!

Our Hopes all ruin'd by one Act of *Murrus*.

When, as abrupt with striding Haste he left

The Temple, flush'd and ruffled much he seem'd,

Which I misconstru'd, from his well known Warmth,

The quick Resentment of a cold Reception:

But how was I deceiv'd? for as I walk'd,

Musing how best to her I might excuse

An honest Fraud, that tended but to save

A gallant Man, and give him to the Side

Of *Carthage*, in her future Wars a Heroe:

Thro'

Thro' the long Isle came wafted to my Ear
 A hollow Murmur, and imperfect Sound;
 Which, drawing nearer, I perceiv'd were Groans,
 Mingled with Plaints, and issuing from the Cell,
 Which I had nam'd their fatal Place of Meeting.

Eur. Thy Tale's Beginning bodes disastrous End.

Lyc. I enter'd softly; when, Oh piteous Sight!
 With Hair dishevel'd, prostrate on the Pavement,
 Lay the sad Queen: I gently would have rais'd her;
 When she, with Looks that spoke at once Disdain,
 Despair, and Anguish, Indignation, Shame,
 And art thou come, perfidious! to insult me?
 And does thy sacred Robe conceal a Pander?
 Pander to Rape, and horrid Violation!

'Tis well thou seest me destitute of Weapon;
 Well for the Ravisher I was disarm'd;

But fly, be gone, and leave me to Despair!
 Struck mute with Horror, I obey'd, and left her.

Eur. Dreadful, indeed, seems the Catastrophe
 Of this thy Story; which, I well perceive,
 Has made too deep Impression on thy Soul;
 Nor is our Stay so desprate as thou think'st.

Lyc. Explain thy self, expound the dark Enigma.

Eur. These are not Hours for Pity and Remorse;
 To make this safe, we must do greater Ills:
 Now hear what I unfold, and know 'twas I
 Put *Murru*s on the Deed thou call'st our Ruin.

Lyc. Impossible! certain my Ears abuse me.

Eur. Again I say, 'twas I; and these my Reasons:
 When first I tamper'd with the haughty Youth,
 Stern and averse to our Design I found him;
 At length, o'ercome by subtle Argument,

Urg'd with Success, and tedious now to mention,
On one Condition he vouchsaf'd his Friendship;
And what was that, forsooth, but sole Dominion,
The Government entire without an Equal?
And this too by the *Tyrian* must be promis'd;
If not, he'd straight accuse us to his Father:
Thus plung'd, I seem'd to yield; then wrought him up,
By Tales replete of jealous Circumstance,
To act a Crime I knew must be his Ruin.

Lyc. How frail are all Confed'racies in Vice!
Where each at Heart has but his proper Good;
This granted, still the Priesthood had been mine.

[*Aside.*

Yet wherefore went he to the Field; when there,
Why did he not, like thee, keep free of Danger?

Enr. The Question puzzles me—yet now I have it.

[*Aside.*

The first was unavoidable, the last
Occasion'd by the stinging Taunts of *Fabius*;
Who loudly calling to keep Pace with him,
The fiery Youth sprung thoughtless on his Fate.
But to our Purpose; from dead *Murrus*' Lips
Comes no Discov'ry; and it will beseem
Thy Care, to see her Tongue may tell no Tales.

Lyc. Shall she conceal th'Abettor of her Rape?
For such, be sure, she thinks me.

Enr. ——— Seest thou this? [*Offers him a Dagger.*

Lyc. 'Tis *Theron*'s Dagger. ———

Enr. ——— In the Field he dropt it;

Take, plunge it in her Heart, then cast it by her:
At his Proposal was she hither brought;
That Circumstance with this, as I'll improve it,
Shall make the Deed seem his; there's home Revenge.

This

This done, securely thou may'st greet the Tyrian;
To whom, whene'er I please, I can unriddle. [*Aside.*]

Lyc. Oh! horrid, monstrous Villany! my Soul
Shrinks inward at the complicated Crimes:
But canst thou think I will commit this Murder?

Eur. I leave it to thy self; I am untouch'd
In this Affair, she cannot me accuse.

Lyc. By *Hercules*, she shall; have I been made
Thy Property, the Tool of thy Ambition?
Remorse and Vengeance both have seiz'd my Soul;
I will this Moment to the Governor,
To him declare the utmost that I know,
And by my Penitence deserve my Pardon.

Eur. Thou canst not mean it?

Lyc. ——— That thou shalt soon perceive.

Eur. Curse on the puny Traitor, half-strain'd Villain!

[*Aside.*]

Wilt thou, in Rashness, thus at once destroy
What we've with Care and immense Hazard brought
Just to a Crisis, and mature for Birth?

Lyc. Thou talk'st to Stones; I am determin'd, see.

[*Going.*]

Eur. Yet let me stay thee.

[*Holding him.*]

Lyc. ——— 'Tis in vain. What, ho! ———
My Brethren, Brethren, Murder!

Eur. ——— Thou dost well,
Thus to instruct me; take with thee that, and that. —

[*Stabs him.*]

This too were right. [*As he goes to stab himself, enter*
Priests, who seize and prevent him.]

Lyc. Secure the horrid Villain;
Secure him from himself; that Death's too light
For Crimes like his: Convey him to my Cell;

Fly

Aside. Fly some with your best Speed, and find out *Theron*;
To him, if my Breath lasts, I will unfold
A Tale that shall inflame, and freeze his Blood.

[Exit, carried by Priests.]

SCENE *changes to the Palace of the Governor.*

Enter Sicoris and Timandra.

Sic. Vain our Endeavours, vain is all Defence,
'Tis Opposition to the Will of Heav'n;
The partial Fates have doom'd *Saguntum's* Walls,
And *Hercules* himself cannot protect
His City; down then level with the Earth,
Sink, noble Piles, so that in Fame you rise
More great by Fall, ennobled by your Ruin:
But, Oh, my Child! when I behold thy Tears,
The Liv'ry of thy softer Sex's Nature,
My Soul too softens, and I catch thy Fears.

Tim. Alas! my Father, for my self alone
Flow not the first, nor do the latter chill
My Heart, while I behold you safe; I fear,
I tremble for my Brother; and whom more,
Forgive me, Modesty, I love, for *Fabius*:
If *Murrus* fall, I should bewail his Fate;
If *Fabius*, I shall be his Murderer. (Wounds

Sic. Should Fate determine thus, yet were their
Glorious; in such a Cause well would they die:
Thus, had their Years been mine; would I have fall'n;
Nor, like a doddard Oak, with sapless Arms
Expos'd to Winds, have waited the slow Ax.

D

Then

Then dry thy Tears, and imitate thy Mother,
A Heroine, she still arm'd me for the Fight.

Tim. But had my Mother by Love's pow'rful Ties
Won you to arm, and urg'd you to the Field,
What would have been (had she, what I have, seen)
Her Dread of Soul, and agonizing Fears?
But she's at Peace, and hapless I survive
To know the Loss of Lover, Father, Country.

Sic. Prepare thy Breast then to sustain the Shock;
For, see! the Messenger of Fate approaches.

Enter Theron.

Thy Looks do more than speak;—my Son is dead.
Oh, pow'rful Nature! Manhood, by thy Leave:
While to his Shade I pay this small Oblation. [*Weeps.*]

Ther. His Foes already have perform'd that Office,
And from their mangled Limbs wept purple Streams:
Sent to the gloomy Fields of *Stygian Fove*,
They grin, and flit before his dreaded Shade.

Tim. And art thou fall'n, dear Youth? and am I left,
The last short Comfort of my Father's Age?
Poor, good old Man, how are thy pious Cares,
That form'd in Virtue's School two noble Sons,
To full Maturity of Worth and Honour,
Thus disappointed by the cruel War?
Who shall supply their Offices of Duty?
Who from the Foe guard thy defenceless Years?
There is but one;—perhaps that one is not;
I dread, and yet must know: resolve me, *Theron*;
Speak, for thou know'st, that which I dare not ask.

Ther. I understand thy Meaning; *Fabius* lives.

Tim.

The Fall of SAGUNTUM. 75

Tim. Now Blessings on thy Tongue; but say, where
Why comes he not? [is he?

Ther. ——— Too soon he will be here,
A Sight of Horror to thy wounded Eyes;
Yet such was his Desire, that on thy Bosom
He might pour out his Soul, and sink to Rest. [Groves,

Tim. Cover me, Hills! ye Mountains, with your
Come, pitying, shadow me with sudden Night!
Oh! hide me from his Sight; deep at your Roots
Beneath the dusky Gloom o'erwhelm *Timandra*.

In the dark Caverns let me yell my Griefs,
Nor with my Shrieks disturb his parting Soul.

Sic. I feel new Grief; another Son I mourn!

Ther. Thy Son, indeed, I think; and sure he fought
As if to *Murrus* he was more than Brother;
Nor was the Youth in Bravery behind him,
Or Race of Glory e'er more nobly run.

Tim. Oh, pompous Circumstance of fatal Woe!

Si. Ah, happy Youths, how glorious are ye fall'n!

Ther. As when two able Mowers ready stand
Both at the Ends of their appointed Furrows,
With Emulation fir'd, each lusty Swain
Advances on his Side; in Heaps the Corn
Falls from the sweeping Scythes, and spreads the Land:
So fell the *Tyrians*; so with equal Steps
Did they push on, and gain upon their Foes:
At length, with horrid Strides, *Marmarick Othrys*,
Of Size enormous, and gigantick Limbs,
Stalk'd forth their Ranks, and with his thund'ring Arm
Fell'd on his Knees thy Son; the Monster stoop'd
To pierce his Breast, when with a noble Blow
The *Roman* sever'd from the Trunk his Head.

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Sic. It was a godlike Deed, and well became
The brave Descendant of great *Hercules*.

Ther. It now was *Murrus'* Turn; when fierce *Acerrus*
Leader of their unbridled Horse, came on,
And, wheeling round with oblique Force, at once
O'er-run the *Roman* with his furious Steed;
Full at the Courser's Temples *Murrus* threw
A whirling Lance, that pierc'd thro' either Ear;
Mad with the Pain, in Air aloft he rear'd, [Rider.
Then, flound'ring back, crush'd with his Weight the

Sic. It joys my Soul, to hear my Son repaid
The Debt of Honour.

Tim. ————— But, alas! in vain.

Ther. The Gods would have it so; their Fate was
For *Hannibal*, enrag'd, himself advanc'd [nigh
On *Murrus*, whom with his protended Spear
He struck to Earth, never again to rise.

This *Fabius* saw, and with indignant Rage
Cry'd, For Reward take this, curst *Carthaginian*;
With Might collected, toss'd he then his Lance;
It flew, it reach'd his Thigh, and, quiv'ring there,
Drank deep the Blood; his Squadrons straight pour'd in,
When *Fabius* soon appear'd all o'er one Wound:
Curtius and I rush'd forward to his Rescue,
Which, obstinate to win, or die, we forc'd;
Then, whilst we made a slow retreating Fight,
Our Men bore from the Field the dying Heroe.

Enter a Priest, and whispers Theron.

How! in the Temple stab? I follow thee. [Exit Priest.

Enter

Enter Curtius, Fabius brought in by Soldiers.

But, lo! what of it self might drive me hence. [Exit.

[Timandra runs towards Fabius, but stops short.

Tim. Oh, *Fabius*! Oh, my Love! Oh, Horror! Horror! Oh, *Gorgon* Sight, that turns me to a Stone! [ror! My Blood congeals, and ev'ry stiff'ning Joint Loses its Sense, and ministerial Function; Fix'd to the Earth, like *Niobe*, I stand A Monument of Woe, a breathing Statue.

Fab. Once more, *Timandra*, am I blest to see thee; To take a sad Farewel, and breathe my last.

Tim. Oh, how shall I approach thee, *Fabius*! how Behold thy swimming Eyes that roll in Death! Do not thy discontinuous Wounds reproach, And keep at awful Distance, lost *Timandra*? Else would I clasp thee, bleeding as thou art, And give a Loose to Love, and wild Despair.

Fab. Lost be that Thought! thou wert but Fate's kind Agent

To clear my Fame, and wake my nodding Virtue; And Heav'n can witness, I alone in Death Regret, that for thy Safety I'm no more.

Tim. Forbear this Tenderness; Oh, cease to be Thus wondrous kind, thus exquisitely good!

Thy Generosity but more distracts me, And sinks me lower with oppressive Grief. Shall then my Safety be thy latest Care?

Oh, spare thee that Concern! 'tis needless all. When thou art gone, Despair will soon point out The Means of Safety, and a Place of Rest. [Time;

Fab. Expect, I charge thee, Heav'n's appointed And sure, I think, thou hast not long to wait;

Then shall thy Soul unspotted reach the Plains,
 Where the blest Shades enjoy their well-earn'd Bliss;
 Then on the Borders will I wait thy Coming,
 And hail thee first from *Charon's* sluggish Boat;
 Thence lead to secret Groves, where faithful Lovers
 Meet their Reward in never-ending Joys.
 Draw near, old Man, I would have call'd thee Father;
 Yet, ere I die, receive me as thy Son. [To *Sicoris*.
Curtius, I go, now take me to thy Arms;
 For mine, alas! cannot infold my Friend:
 Remember well thy Promise, 'tis to live,
 And, while the Fates permit, defend *Timandra*.
 To you, Oh Gods! that from my Country's Name
 This foul Dishonour may be wash'd away,
 Is *Fabius's* last Pray'r. [Dies.

Tim. ——— Alas! he's gone!

His Heart forgets to beat, his Eyes to move,
 While mine are dry with Grief and stupid Sorrow;
 Burst, burst, my Heart! 'tis that alone can ease thee.

[Swoons, and is carried off.

Sic. To her Apartment bear the mourning Maid.

Curt. He had my Promise, *Sicoris*, which I'll keep:
 For, but to guard thy Daughter, *Curtius* lives. (him;

Sic. Short then shall be thy Care, and Stay behind
 For know, this Night, the People are determin'd,
 Firing the Town, to lay themselves in Ashes;
 To-morrow's rising Sun shall see the Tow'rs,
 He us'd to gild, lie smoking on the Ground.

Curt. Amazing, but most glorious Resolution!

Sic. Convey thou to the Temple thy dead Friend;
 There I and *Theron*, with our chief *Saguntines*,
 Beneath the sacred Roof design to fall.

Curt. Take up the ill-farr'd Hero; greatly now (wards
 Shall his illustrious Shade descend, while Fame re-

His

His ev'ry noble Action, martial Toil:
And a whole City is his Fun'ral Pile. [*Exit with the Body.*]

Sic. Now to my Child; yet, Oh! how shall I break
To such a tender Heart our dreadful Purpose?
But Fate, I hope, has arm'd her for the Blow.

As he goes out, enter a Priest to him.

Priest. *Theron* requires thy Presence at the Temple,
And bids me say, Treason thy Sentence waits.

Sic. How! Treason, say'st thou? sure that comes too
But my own Cares must to the publick yield. [*late!*]
[*Exit with the Priest.*]

SCENE, *The Forum.*

Enter an Under-Priest and Saguntines.

Priest. Hither I've call'd you to see Justice done;
He, who before abus'd your credulous Ears,
Would, on this Night, have giv'n you up to Ruin.

1st Sag. Oh, Crime unparallel'd!

2d Sag. ——— Oh, horrid Monster! [*Saguntine*]

3d Sag. We'll rend him Limb from Limb, and each
In his torn Carcase glut their great Revenge.

Enter Curtius with the Body of Fabius.

Curt. See there, *Saguntines!* see the Traitor *Fabius*;
Him, whom your mean Suspicions basely wrong'd:
Behold his num'rous Wounds; and then, perforce,
You must confess there was one noble *Roman*.

1st Sag.

1st Sag. Asham'd we own his Worth; thine too we know.

2d Sag. Oh, had thy Country lent us but her Aid!

3d Sag. And sure we well deserv'd it at her Hands!

Curt. Their brave Reproaches sting me to the Soul.
[*Aside.*]

Enter from the Temple Sicoris with Eurydamas bound.

Sic. Oh, thou, for whom my Tongue can find no Name!

Say, what could move thee to such monstrous Crimes?

To wanton Villanies, luxuriant Evils!

Was not thy Country's Ruin ample Mischief?

But that with curst Arts thou should'st seduce

Thy near related Friend, train'd up in Virtue,

To perpetrate a Deed must shock his Nature.

Eur. For that, perhaps, I had a secret Reason;

But trouble me no more with idle Questions;

I'm in thy Pow'r, and I expect my Fate:

Yet there, at least, my Plots have answer'd well.

[*Pointing to the Body.*]

Curt. Oh, execrable Villain! dost thou boast

A Plot too in his Death? Oh, set him free,

Saguntines! Sicoris, give him to my Sword.

Sic. Suppress thy Rage; that were to make his Death Noble, not ignominious, as he merits.

Hence drag him to the Tow'r o'erlooks the Gate,

Which his perfidious Hands should have unbarr'd;

There give th'appointed Signal, and when they,

Elate with Hope, and eager Expectation

Of well-concerted Fraud, and *Tyrian* Guile,

Approach our Walls, and think the City theirs,

Hurl him precipitated on their Heads;

Now

Now let them learn *Saguntum's* steady Justice,
Her Patience, Fortitude, and unexampled Brav'ry,
Her more than human Constancy to Friends.
For us, my Countrymen, we may with Pride exult,
(The Partner of his Crime, tho' late, repenting)
One single Traitor did these Walls contain,
And him our just Revenge has found; nor shall
His caitiff Dust, in the last glorious Scene,
Which, big with Horror, Fate now opens to us,
Mingling with ours, pollute the honest Heap.

Eur. How I condemn the Death to which I go!
Thy little Malice, and this wise Harangue!
A single Traitor, said'st thou! single Patriot!
Who would from Ruin have preserv'd his Country.
Farewel, ye virtuous Ideots! in Reward
Of all your Suff'rings, let the *Romans* say,
The faithful Fools deserv'd a better Fate. [Is carried off.]

Sic. To his own Home now ev'ry one repair,
Take from his Family a last Embrace,
Invoke the Gods, then set it in a Blaze.

1st Sag. We are prepar'd.

Omnes. ——— Oh, Governor, farewell. [Exeunt *Sag.*]

Sic. Now, *Hercules*, look down, and own a People,
That in their noble Deaths, have thee in View.

Enter Theron, leading Candace.

Exchange Forgiveness with me, injur'd Queen;
Fatal t'each other have our Houses prov'd:
Pity a Father, that's oblig'd to mourn
A Son's most horrid Action, not his Death:
What only Reparation I can offer,
Is Liberty; this Moment thou art free;
Without our Walls thou shalt be safe conducted.

Can.

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Can. My Soul disdains it: Shall the stain'd *Gandace*
Bear Violation to her Friends, and o'er
Her warlike Maids reign their polluted Queen?
Forbid it, Modesty! forbid it, *Jove*,
My glorious Ancestor! That, too, forbids,

[*Pointing to the Body.*

That dismal Spectacle! Oh, cruel Youth!
How wan, how cold! still wert thou so to me:
This shall be kinder than its Master was,
And give me Peace. Now, gracious *Ammon*, take
Thy injur'd Daughter, and avenge her Wrongs.

[*Snatches the Sword of Fabius, slabs
herself, and falls.*

Curt. There fled her furious Soul.

Ther. ——— It was well aim'd,
Home to the Heart, a sure, and speeding Blow.

Sic. Take up the Bodies, bear them to the Temple.
[*They are carried off.*

Enter an Attendant of Timandra.

Attend. Ah, Sir! your Daughter, seiz'd by sudden
Madness,
Broke from the Arms of her attending Virgins,
And rushing from the Palace, as she past,
From a *Saguntine* Hand, prepar'd for Ruin,
She snatch'd a flaming Torch, and hither bends.

Enter Timandra distracted, with a Torch in her Hand.

Tim. Where, where's the Bridegroom; where is the
dear Man?
Speak thou, his Friend, for I am come to claim him.

My

My Father here! Oh, sacred Sir, your Blessing!
These are my Nuptials; this the Torch of *Hymen*.
The Temple open! then he waits me there.

Curt. He does, indeed!—but dead.

Tim. ——— Why then I'll fire
The lofty Pile, and make it his vast Urn;
So gently creeping steal me to his Side,
And mount together in the glorious Flames.

[*Exit, running into the Temple.*

Sic. Alas! poor Girl! the Gods, I think, inspire,
In soft Compassion to thee, this kind Frenzy.
Now, *Theron*, let's embrace; thy Arm too, *Roman*;

[*To Curt.*

Once more: 'tis well; proceed we to the Temple.

Ther. Yet hold! — what's this that starts and bounds
within me?

That tears, and struggling thus dilates my Breast?
'Tis Inspiration! 'tis our glorious God!
That deigns this Honour to his dying Servant;
Who, with my Bosom, has enlarg'd my Mind,
And gives me now to see into Hereafter:
And thus the Prospect stands;—Behold! behold!
From these sad Ruins, flaming to the Skies,
A new *Saguntum*, *Phoenix*-like, arise;
Her Sons, like us, shall Liberty maintain,
And in their Faith inviolate remain:
But when as circling Years have roll'd their Round,
O'er various Realms shall Tyranny abound;
A mighty Nation then shall Heav'n ordain
To curb th'Oppressor, and to break his Chain;
A gen'rous People, that delight to save;
Pleas'd from the Tyrant to set free the Slave;
Polite as *Romans*, and as *Romans* brave.

Hail,

84 *The Fall of SAGUNTUM.*

Hail, glorious Warriors! welcome to our Shore;
With Joy I hear your future Engines roar;
With these combin'd shall mighty Deeds be done,
I see *Iberia's* Empire soon o'er-run:

But, ah! what Star malign would shew its Face?
Shall the same Fortune still attend our Race?
'Tis past: a sick'ning Cloud obscures the rest,
And the relenting God forsakes my tortur'd Breast.

Sic, Whate'er it be, thy mystick Words imply,
If, plung'd by Fate, these sad Extremes we try,
And, constant in our Leagues and Liberty, we die;
Saguntum's gen'rous Fires shall blaze with Fame,
And late Posterity record her Name.

[Curtain falls.]

The *E N D.*



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Falls.